# The Living Age

Vol. 303
From Beginning

Vol. 16
Eighth Series

## CONTENTS

The Shantung Affair as Europe Sees It
I. A French Editorial . . . . . 65
From Le Temps
II. A British Liberal Opinion . . . . . 67
From the Manchester Guardian
America and Ireland . . . . . FRANK DILNOT 70
From the Observer
Are We to Lose Italy? . . . . . M. FRANKLIN-BOUILLON 73
From Le Matin

The Valley of Achor . . . . . A. E. MORTON 75
From the Nation
The Future of the Church . . . . . REV. D. KENNEDY-BELL 76
From the Outlook
Olympian Warfare: A Chronicle of a Boxing Match . . . A SPECTATOR 78
From the Nation
Sir Edward Elgar . . . . . SYDNEY GREW 80
From To-day
The Importance of Keeping One's Nose to the Grindstone . . . . . 83
From the New Statesman
'O. Henry' through French Eyes . . . . . RAOUL NARSY 86
From L'Opinion
An Apology for Snobs . . . . . G. SANTAYANA 88
From the Athenæum

Whiskey and Soda: A Story . . . . . BOYD CABLE 91
From Land and Water
The First English Novelist . . . . . H. C. BIRON 98
From the National Review
Cuthbert, Alfonso, and Anatolia: Being Part of an Airman's Adventures . . . . . CAPT. ALAN BOTT 107
From Blackwood's Magazine
Song . . . . . ROBERT HILLIER 113
From Land and Water

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

The Problems of English Farmers . . . . . 114
From the Daily Telegraph
Village Industries . . . . . 117
From the Economist
The British Merchant Service . . . . . L. COPE CORNFORD 120
From the National Review
Talk of Europe . . . . . 126
The Air Defense of London — Heaven on Earth — General Botha
The Editor's Note-Book . . . . . 127

A PAGE OF VERSE

Night in the Woods . . . . . 128
Fram the Nation
On the River . . . . . 128
From the Nation
Darkness . . . . . RICHARD CHURCH 128
From the Nation

Published Every Saturday by
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston
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*OCTOBER 11, 1919*

# THE SHANTUNG AFFAIR AS EUROPE SEES IT

## I. *A French Editorial*

WHY has not the United States yet ratified the Treaty of Versailles? For two reasons, in particular, it seems.

First, because of Shantung. To Japan alone the treaty assigns all the 'rights, titles, and privileges' which Germany possessed in that Chinese province. The treaty does not state when China's sovereignty shall be restored. It does not state even that it will be restored. The American public is fearful that the Japanese, taking advantage of the silence of the treaty on this point, will retain the valuable naval base of Tsingtau and will gradually lay their hand upon the thirty-eight millions of Chinese who dwell in Shantung.

Such is the source of the disquietude which makes our American friends hesitate when they think of the Far East. But when they think of Europe, they are attacked by another apprehension.

By virtue of the Covenant which sets up the League of Nations, and which forms the first part of the Treaty of Versailles, each of the Allied and Associated Powers which shall have ratified the treaty will find itself obligated 'to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League.' The United States is requested, therefore, to guarantee all the frontiers which have been or which may be established, not only for the nations in proximity to the German *Reich*, but also for the countries threatened with complications exclusively Magyar, Balkan, or Levantine. In view of what is taking place in Hungary and of what may be brewing in Bulgaria and Turkey, the Senate of the United States confronts with perturbation the obligation that it is requested to ratify.

Of these two principal difficulties — the apprehension relative to Shantung and the obligation inherent in the League of Nations — the second only was discussed recently by Mr. Wilson before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. It is for the United States Senate to weigh the President's words, and any comments of ours would be superogatory. But the question of Shantung, which Mr. Wilson and the Senate Commission decided not to enter upon on that occasion, has been made the subject of a very different communication as to which it may be of advantage to express our views here.

An American expert who specializes



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in Chinese affairs, and who was in Paris during the drafting of the treaty, has suggested to the Senate Committee a method of avoiding the Shantung difficulty. According to the New York *Herald*, this method is as follows:

Let the United States Senate ratify the treaty in its present form, but add to the pact of guaranty a clause whereby the United States and Great Britain undertake to support France in case of unprovoked aggression by Germany. The proposed clause would oblige France and Great Britain to support the United States if, for example, the doctrine of the 'Open Door' in China, or the territorial integrity of China, should be threatened.

Now the pact which guarantees France against German aggression consists, in fact, of two distinct conventions: there is a Franco-American convention and a Franco-British convention. If Mr. Millard's suggestion should be adopted, it would be necessary, therefore, to add a clause to each of these two conventions; and as the Franco-British convention has already been ratified by the British Parliament, it would probably be better to arrange additional conventions than to reopen the existing provisions in order to interpolate a new stipulation. But these questions of form will solve themselves if an agreement is reached as to the substance. Can France associate herself with the United States to guarantee the territorial integrity of China as well as to uphold commercial liberty and equality in that country? That is the real problem.

We beg leave to express an opinion. It is an opinion which binds ourselves alone, but which, we have no doubt, conforms to the general feeling of the French public.

When the Council of Five was preparing to lay down terms concerning the fate of Shantung, the Japanese called to the attention of France, Great Britain, and Italy the engagements which those powers had entered into in 1917. The documents which set forth the agreement of France will be remembered. On February 19, 1917, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs wrote to the French Ambassador: 'The Imperial Government proposes to demand of the German Government, when negotiations for peace are in progress, the cession of the territorial rights and special interests which Germany held before the war in Shantung, and in islands belonging to it, lying in the Pacific Ocean north of the Equator.'

On March 1, 1917, the French Ambassador replied: 'The Government of the Republic is prepared to give the Japanese Government its assistance in procuring a settlement, during the peace negotiations, of the questions so vital to the Japanese, of Shantung and of the German islands in the Pacific, north of the Equator. It is also prepared to support the demands of the Imperial Government as to the cession of the rights which Germany held before the war in that province and those islands.'

In exchange France requested from Japan her support in inducing China to break off relations with the German Empire and to carry that step to the desirable conclusion.

The allotment of the German colonies is not settled by the Treaty of Versailles (Article 119 stipulates simply that 'Germany renounces in favor of the principal Allied and Associated Powers all her right and title to her overseas possessions'), and, in any event, that is not the question raised by Mr. Millard's scheme. Only Shantung and China in general are involved therein. And, on this point, the promise of France has been kept. The treaty grants to Japan the satisfaction

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which the French Government undertook to assist her to obtain. Japan does, in fact, receive 'the cession of the territorial rights and special interests which Germany held before the war in Shantung.'

How does Japan propose to use this cession? Her present Minister of Foreign Affairs, Viscount Uchida, answered this question in a declaration of August 2 last. The Japanese propose to China all her right of territorial sovereignty: 'Japan has no intention of retaining or of claiming any right which impairs the territorial sovereignty of China in the Province of Shantung.' Even at Tsingtau the principle of the 'Open Door' will be applied. 'The Japanese Government has in mind plans for establishing at Tsingtau a foreign concession open to all, instead of the exclusively Japanese concession which it is entitled to demand by virtue of the agreement with China concluded in 1915.'

Apropos of this declaration of Viscount Uchida, President Wilson has remarked that the United States has never signified its adhesion to the Chinese-Japanese agreements of 1915 and 1918. Such is likewise, we are glad to believe, the position of the French Government, whose undertaking was strictly limited by the note of March 1, 1917. Moreover, whatever agreements France has entered into on the subject of the Far East — why should not a complete collection of them be published? — will have to be interpreted in accordance with Article XX of the Covenant of the League of Nations: 'The Members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof.'

Under these conditions why should not France sign with the United States a convention guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China, as well as the upholding of commercial liberty and equality in that country? Such a convention would be opposed neither in letter nor in spirit to any valid engagement of the French Government. So far as the letter is concerned, the Treaty of Versailles has given Japan the promised satisfaction. And so far as regards the spirit, Japan herself declares that she intends to restore the territorial integrity of China, as well as the status of the 'Open Door' at Tsingtau.

We may add that the arrangement suggested by Mr. Millard would leave one great advantage: by creating one more 'regional understanding' between the United States and France, it would set an example which might well be followed elsewhere, to the end of establishing general peace on a firmer foundation and thereby lightening the burden of that universal guaranty of integrities and independences which is disturbing the United States Senate.

Le Temps

### II. *A British Liberal Opinion*

WILL the League of Nations be wrecked on the Shantung clause in the Peace Treaty? It is perhaps the last question about which people here concerned themselves. It is the first question with people in America. Our New York correspondent, in his latest message, tells us plainly what American feeling is on this subject. It is a feeling compounded of two elements. The substratum is a fear of Japan, which no one who knows anything of the minds of men on the Pacific coast can fail to appreciate. It is with them a settled attitude which governs their politics, and the same feeling communicates itself in slowly lessening intensity eastward to the Atlantic coast. There is

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growing up out of it, our correspondent reports, a belief, of that familiar fatal kind, that a conflict with Japan cannot in the long run be avoided. Such beliefs would be dissipated and the fears that give rise to them would be allayed if once the League of Nations could become a working reality commanding the confidence of men. Unfortunately, — and here we come to the second element in American feeling,— the circumstances attending the Shantung affair have given rise to deep suspicion and resentment against the Western Allies. We commented recently on the statement of Mr. Lansing that the secret agreements between France and England on the one hand and Japan on the other had been concealed from him when he entered into agreement with Japan, and were unknown at Washington when America entered the war. Exactly what American statesmen knew or suspected, or ought to have suspected, may be matter of discussion. But we do not observe that there has been any explanation from our government of a silence which is regarded in America as the concealment of a material issue. It is of the first necessity to the maintenance of mutual trust between America and England that the action of our government should be fully explained. In the meanwhile an atmosphere of suspicion has arisen in America in which coöperation becomes difficult and any appeal to the League of Nations as a security is rendered hopeless.

The French Government have taken alarm at the situation. They see themselves in danger of losing the guaranty of American support under the League of Nations, and the *Temps* in an agitated article points out that for the same reason they risk losing the separate alliance. A clause in this alliance places it under the authority of the League of Nations, and if the League does not come into existence the agreement of the alliance is shaken if not invalidated. We cannot but point out that in this threatened loss of security France is reaping where she herself has sown. Our correspondent's communications have very clearly shown that the weakness of the treaty in America is due to the loss of 'Liberal' or idealistic support. This loss, in turn, is due to the harsh and even unjust elements in the treaty, on which the French more than anyone insisted. The effect of the entire scene at Versailles was to make liberally-minded Americans ask themselves whether, after all, it was wise to involve their country in the disputes of a continent which could not learn from all the horrors of a four years' war to rise above national egoisms and to join in the invitation to establish a better future on foundations of national justice and common accord. This change of attitude on the part of the men who led in America's intervention in the war in order to save democracy in Europe has played into the hands of the mere reactionaries in America who want to return to isolation on narrow nationalist grounds. The elements of injustice in the treaty are bringing their punishment even before the treaty has come into force. Yet if it does not come into force immeasurable confusion will result. There will be neither war nor peace, and the League of Nations, the one compensatory benefit for the sake of which President Wilson threw so much to the wolves, would be dead before it is born. The help of America will be withdrawn from Europe and from those elements of Liberalism and humanity in Europe which are struggling as best they can with the war spirit. This is the consequence which American Liberals should keep before them in considering whether they are to aid and abet the destruction of the treaty. The alter-

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native is to take the treaty for good and for evil and try to coöperate with English Liberalism in using the machinery of the League to improve it.

This, we may be told, would be possible as far as the Covenant of the League is concerned but will not meet American opinion about Shantung. The *Temps*, taking Shantung very seriously, offers the United States a triple guaranty, in which this country is to join, of territorial integrity and the open door in China. The relations of France to Japan are by no means the same as ours, and France may make offers which would be inadmissible to us. It must, however, be borne in mind that through Viscount Uchida Japan has expressed her willingness to 'restore to China the whole territory in question'—that is to say, to restore territorial sovereignty, retaining only economic privileges with joint control of the railways. It is open to the American Senate, without altering—and that amounts to destroying—the treaty, to make a definite reservation or 'interpretation' to the effect that in ratifying the treaty they had this statement before them, and that their confidence in its prompt fulfillment was a condition of their consent. Possibly a joint declaration along with France would serve to give more emphasis to this reservation, though it is not to be imagined that the material support of France in this matter can be worth to the United States what the guaranty of the United States is to France. On this point much suffering and much future risk will be avoided if the principal Allies will face certain realities at once. Knowing what war is, no nation on either side of the Atlantic, whatever may appear on paper, will allow its government to involve it in war on behalf of some of the unjust, artificial, and unstable territorial arrangements which the treaty contains. It is the character of these arrangements which makes the difficulty in America as to the guaranty, and the best way in which Americans can now help Europe is to give us the treaty subject to reservations on these points (of which, of course, Shantung is one), which will make the moral position of the United States quite clear and may help to clear up some minds in Europe which stand in much need of such a process.

The Manchester Guardian

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# AMERICA AND IRELAND

BY FRANK DILNOT

THE best minds in America are earnestly desirous of a closer and more vital relationship between America and Britain. At this moment there is a distinctly less friendly feeling toward this country among wide circles of the American people than existed at the time of the armistice. That is the situation just now. It is true that, taking the nation as a whole, it is vastly more sympathetic toward Britain than before the war; yet a combination of circumstances, in which there is one outstanding factor, has produced a fluidity of feeling — feeling which in the next few months may tend either further away from us or toward us. The leading American statesmen of both parties are not merely friendly, but cordial toward Britain; but the American people are less influenced by their leaders than any other democracy, present or past. That is putting it mildly. European governments — and this especially applies to the British — would do well to avoid banking heavily on the effect of the support of American statesmen and the American press — sincere and determined support, which may well be forthcoming. Such confidence is very likely to be calamitously upset. To be noted in passing as one of the adverse influences in recent months so far as Britain is concerned, is the absence of an authoritative voice for this country in the United States.

In this and in other ways it is imperatively necessary that there should be quick and strong action if it is desired to widen and deepen the now existent channel of desire among leading Americans for the coöperation of the Anglo-Saxon race in the guidance of the government of the world. In the present state of affairs we may very easily drift away from an opportunity probably never to be regained. It is the matter of Ireland which above all others requires courageous and prompt decision. Ireland is at this moment poisoning feeling toward Britain among the majority of the American people.

When I first went to America two and a half years ago, and for some months afterwards, I was inclined to take the view, held by many friendly Americans, that there was much exaggeration about the power of the Irish in the United States and the extent and influence of Irish-American feeling. Longer experience, with the development of recent events, has forced upon me the deep-seated conviction that the future relations of Britain and America depend to a commanding extent upon the settlement of the question of Irish government.

The main facts as to the Irish-Americans can be quickly summarized. The descendants of the Irish immigrants are to be found principally in or around the great cities. They claim to number twenty millions, and, although this is probably an exaggeration, their numbers certainly run into millions, and their influence extends to at least double their own figures. The majority are descended from the generation who came to America in the middle years of the last century, and probably not one per cent of them have seen



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either Ireland or England, but the hatred of England carried to America in those black times has been transmitted from father to son and to grandson, and the very real injustices and hardships of bygone days have not been lessened, but magnified, as the years have passed. The transformation in Ireland in the last quarter of a century is ignored or scoffed at. Constitutional Home Rule is treated as a will-o'-the-wisp raised by successive British governments. England remains the tyrannical oppressor, and, amid floods of malignant rhetoric, it is stated that Irish industries are still being crushed by jealous England, that military oppression prevails, that England, mercenary as well as brutal, is sucking large and disproportionate revenue from Ireland.

I dare say that description sounds distorted and farcical to some English readers. As a matter of fact, it is an understatement rather than an overstatement of the colossal propaganda which is sweeping the United States. What is argued for and aimed at, with both fierceness and sincerity, is the formation of Ireland into a separate country. It should be recognized that the Irish-American claim is meeting with wide volumes of sympathy from multitudes of Americans who are not of Irish extraction.

It may be asked why Americans, a shrewd and practical people, are influenced to such an extreme view. There are several answers. The first is, that they do not know it is an extreme view. They believe there has been continual misgovernment of Ireland for centuries; believe that a large majority of the people, as evidenced in the recent election, want freedom from Britain and a republic of their own; and they see no valid reason why she should not have it. Comparisons with the American revolutionists of one hundred and forty years ago are frequently pressed home. On the other hand, there is silence when it is suggested that the Sinn Fein movement has singular points of resemblance with that of the Secessionists in the American Civil War. It is felt somehow that there is no analogy.

One great advantage which the Irish-American movement possessed for years, and still holds to a considerable extent, has been the prevalence, among nearly all classes of Americans, of suspicion, shading into hostility, toward Britain. It was largely a traditional attitude, born of the Revolutionary War, fostered by different events, and perpetuated by the elementary school books. The past five years have done much to eliminate that feeling, certainly among the educated and traveled Americans; but its complete disappearance is, of course, impossible all at once. In the big cities, especially among what we should call the workers, the old prejudice is still to be found. It flourishes particularly among descendants of immigrants from countries other than Britain, whose forbears had not the slightest connection with the American Revolution. Still, it is present also in real American circles. Here, then, was the fruitful field for Irish hate.

During the war the growing respect for Britain on the one side, and, on the other, the more than suspected sympathy of prominent Sinn Feiners for the Germans, altered feeling a good deal. There was, moreover, the biting knowledge that Ireland was exempted from conscription while conscription was being enforced in the United States. Thus it was that the Sinn Feiners kept pretty quiet in America during the war. They were not inactive, however, behind the scenes.

There are many overlapping spheres of mood and opinion in America, even

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about Ireland, but it is possible to give distinctly the tendencies about the latter in the people as a whole. Radiating from millions of Irish-Americans who hate England and want separation is an influence which reaches in greater or lesser degree all the American population, who, with few exceptions, believe that Ireland has been misgoverned in the past and ought to have self-government. Probably very few of these Americans who are not Irish would make any sacrifice to turn Ireland into a separate country — though they might give the idea lip-service. Nevertheless, they feel strongly, though somewhat vaguely, that Ireland ought to be presented a chance to govern herself. I should say that that expresses the opinion of 70 per cent of Americans, the other 30 per cent including the malignant Sinn Feiners, their silent allies, the German-Americans, the indifferentists, and the out-and-out conservative Americans, who think Ireland ought to be content as she is.

It would be folly to regard the American public as indifferent when in three separate cities — New York, Boston, and Chicago — audiences of 20,000 assemble to acclaim enthusiastically De Valera. Those gatherings were an indication, but their purport should not be overestimated. Sober Americans who have sympathy with Ireland laugh at the idea that the United States could ever be driven into war with Britain on the Irish question. They are probably right, but there is, nevertheless, a danger — none the less grave because it is indirect. While there can be no question — let us say — of America declaring war on Britain in order to secure the independence of Ireland, yet the Irish-Americans, by their continuing agitation, may exacerbate feeling against Britain; indeed, they are doing it already in some degree, and produce a state of mind in which some other cause of disagreement may in the future be fanned to extremity. I am certain that this is exactly what some of the extremists in America would be glad to see. I do not know whether Mr. Hearst, of the New York *American*, wants war, but the persistent policy of his papers, circulating in millions each week, is toward estrangement from England. He steadily piles fuel on the Irish fire. (In one way or another Ireland is vibrating throughout American politics.) It may be said that the Senate's recent vote of sixty to one in favor of Irish independence — for that is what it came to — was but an attempt to catch the Irish vote. If that is so it is pretty good evidence of the influence of Ireland on American voters — that is to say, on the American population.

Effective Home Rule will open America's eyes. It is the only thing to change her mood — the mood of the people, not of the leaders. Propaganda of the ordinary kind is useless. Action is the one thing America will understand. I believe the settlement of Ireland under a scheme of self-government will bring the United States into more cordial relationship with Britain than at any time during her history. Without that settlement there may be troublesome times ahead for both Britain and America. Estrangement will perhaps not come soon; it will always be in sight.

The Observer

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# ARE WE TO LOSE ITALY?

BY HENRY FRANKLIN-BOUILLON

I HAVE just returned from Italy, where I had been making preparations for the forthcoming meeting of the inter-Allied Parliament.

I wish to inform public opinion of my grief and anxiety.

A year ago, July 14 was celebrated everywhere as an Italian national holiday. Enthusiasm for France showed itself so strongly and with such unanimity, that the brotherly alliance between the two countries, on which the future of Latin civilization in the world depends, might almost have been considered definitely realized.

But the diplomats at the Peace Conference have undone all that. Eight months of their efforts have brought about results one might almost have expected. Never, even in the days of Crispi, has the mistrust and hostility of the Italian nation shown itself so clearly.

That is the truth which must be bluntly told our country, so long kept in systematic ignorance of foreign affairs by the government censorship.

How did such a situation arise? What can be done to remedy the evil? Let us listen to what our Italian friends have to say.

Italy, after affording us by her neutrality invaluable assistance in the dark days of 1914, came into the war on our side on specific conditions laid down in a treaty. She fulfilled all her engagements and sacrificed to the common cause half a million dead and eighty billions of francs. To-day peace is signed with Germany, but the Allies — except in regard to her northern frontier — have decided none of the vital questions affecting Italy.

No solution has been found of the Adriatic question, or of those concerning the colonies and Asia Minor. Still worse, Smyrna, which had been formally promised to Italy, has been given to Greece; and, as a crowning disappointment, Italy has been excluded from the guaranty treaty concluded by France, Great Britain, and America.

Finally, there has been no solution of the economic problem, which grows in seriousness every day and threatens to put a stop to the very life of the nation.

The fact is, no country had perforce to suffer so many restrictions during the war as had Italy; and now no country is so gravely menaced by interior disorder on account of lack of food, coal, and raw materials. In every district of Italy there exists a violent agitation against the high cost of living.

At Rome nearly all the shops are shut. Soldiers or policemen are on guard at the doors of those which are left open. In many of the towns the labor unions have taken in hand, with or without the approval of the authorities, the price and distribution of necessaries.

On the majority of the closed shops the following notice has been posted: 'Key at the Labor Bureau.' No detail could be more significant.

So, these numerous disappointments in foreign policy, together with these formidable difficulties at home, more



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than account for Italy's present morale.

But how is it that our allies consider us solely responsible for this state of affairs? It is obvious that this opinion is unjust to us, yet it is, in the circumstances, inevitable.

'France has always had first place in our hearts, whether for love or hatred,' is a well-known saying of an Italian statesman. Such is both the privilege and danger of brotherly relationship. But it is unnecessary for me to insist on this immutable law of the psychology of peoples.

It is not that the Italians have not committed many mistakes during the past months. They themselves recognize this fact. The Italian Parliament has had the courage to acknowledge it by changing its government.

But have we, on our side, done what was required, given our knowledge of the Italian character? It is useless to debate on the methods of our government. Bluntness of speech and indecision have been the order of the day.

But in any case one false step has been taken which would alone account for all the misunderstandings. This is the presence of our troops in Fiume. I have already had occasion to say so from the tribute of the Chamber of Deputies. The one nation which ought at all costs to have avoided sending military and naval forces into the Adriatic was France. Allied to Italy, and her neighbor in the Mediterranean, she should not have accepted the rôle of policeman in the Adriatic.

That, however, is exactly what we have done, and a most paradoxical situation is the result. It was America that brought to a head the Adriatic crisis through President Wilson's letter. Yet America carefully abstained from sending a single soldier to Fiume, and it is, therefore, we — in consequence of our unfortunate idea of establishing there a base — who have to reap the consequence of the President's action. It has already cost us too many deaths, and it may yet cost us the Italian alliance.

Our soldiers, in fact, appear in the eyes of the Italians no longer as allies, but as enemies who wish to prevent the realization of their national aspirations. Could anyone dream of a more unreasonable policy?

Never has the situation between the two countries been fraught with so much danger. The duty of all who have a right sense of France's political needs is to intervene, to take hold of public opinion, and to insist on decisions being taken in conformity with the identical interests of the two countries.

More than ever is an Italian alliance necessary. It was realized in war. It is still more important that it should be realized in peace.

Let us, therefore, radically change our procedure. Let us declare our desire to conclude with Italy an alliance which shall be complete and without reserve. Let us loyally enter into negotiations with a view to concerting action in all spheres. Only then will it be possible to solve particular problems.

I cannot here enter into the details of Italy's claims. Some of them are just, others are questionable. But if there exists a real wish to make friends, mutual concessions become easy. Problems which have become envenomed during eight months of badly handled negotiations would be solved in an atmosphere of mutual confidence. Then Italy would joyfully accept our arbitration in matters under conflict between her and others of our allies in the great war.

Let us show Italy no longer by words, but by deeds,— by the offer of our alliance,— that we desire to realize at last, in the face of the German *bloc*,

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a Latin *bloc* of eighty millions of French and Italians, to whom would be added, if we so desired, our brothers of Roumania and Portugal and, it may be, of Spain.

A clear vision of common interests, an honest, loyal policy on both sides, and the men resolved to practise what they preach in a truly brotherly spirit — these are the remedies the situation requires. Above all, let us make haste. To-morrow it may already be too late.

In one month we have risked losing the friendship of Roumania and Italy! Really, France deserves better than that!

Le Matin

# THE VALLEY OF ACHOR

BY A. E. MORTON

I GAVE myself to the stones,
  Saying, 'It is just.'
Each shock of splintering bones,
  Each sharp and jagged thrust
At the quivering flesh, I bore,
And answered back no more.
Conquered by none but Thee,
  Suppliant yet proud I lay,
Crying despite of me:
  'Spirit of God, have Thy way!'

I gave myself to the flames,
  Willing at last
To be rid of the lusts and shames
  And sins of the past.
I watched the lothsome mass
  Lose shape and fall away,
In shriveling atoms, pass
  To smoke and ashes gray.

Then — across the unclean floor,
  Trampled by death and doom,
Free, through an open door,
  At the end of the valley's gloom,
Suddenly flashed a soul,
  Forth to the azure divine —
White, purified, whole.
  My God! It was mine!

The Nation

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# THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH

BY REVEREND D. KENNEDY-BELL

WHAT is to be the future of organized religion in this country? We know that congregations are dwindling everywhere; and there are those who tell us that, in fifty years' time, our churches will be as empty and deserted as were the Roman temples when Christianity made her triumphant attack upon the stronghold of paganism. The last generation, certainly, has seen a great decline in church-going, especially as regards the Church of England. We know that a great deal of the attendance at public worship, in those mid-Victorian days, was purely formal. People went because it was respectable. For our comfort, we may well believe that the motive that actuates those who attend to-day is a far higher and worthier one. But the steady decline in numbers gives us seriously to think, and to ask ourselves whether the Church is really losing her influence with the people in this land.

I do not believe for a moment that the people of England are irreligious, or less religious than they used to be. There is a very deep and real religious sentiment embedded in the hearts of the people. To a large extent it is, as Donald Hankey so admirably expresses it, 'Inarticulate religion.' But the sentiment is there, and needs only to be solidified into a principle, to be linked on to that visible organization, the Christian Church. If organized religion is losing its hold upon the minds of men, we must look for the reason elsewhere than in any growing skepticism and widespread spirit of irreligion.

A complete modification, one might almost say revolution, has taken place in England as to the manner in which Sunday should be observed. The change has been particularly marked, in this direction, in the last five years. Gone is the old English Sabbath, with its atmosphere of quiet calm, and its habit of the whole family turning out to church morning and evening. As with every change, there is something that is lost, but, we hope, a compensating gain. The old English Sunday was often deadly dull, and the frame of mind, of the younger members of the household especially, far from pious. The exigencies of the war gave momentum to an impulse that was already at work, to obliterate the artificial distinction between Sunday and the other days in the week. Artificial, we say, since it fostered the 'water-tight-compartment' view of religion as being something to be kept quite separate and distinct from ordinary daily life, which produced the anomaly of a man taking his place on Sunday, in silk hat and decorous black coat, for the purpose of prayer and praise, and swindling his neighbor all the week, because the other six days were not concerned with religion—'only business'! The world to-day has no use for a religion which does not permeate every act of the daily life. A religion which consists in the setting aside of one day, and one set of clothes, and labeling them as specifically 'God's,' and then adopting the 'go-as-you-please' attitude for the rest of the week, is a hollow, worthless, inconsistent sham. Every day, and every act of the day, is sacred, and should be dedicated and consecrated to the service of God and man.

Let people once be convinced of, and feel, the Presence of God and the Love of God as a real tangible force in their daily lives, and they will feel the need of worship. They will come to church, not because it is 'respectable' and 'the thing,' but because they feel the thirst

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for communion with a Being whom they serve every hour in common round and trivial task.

We are told that the Church of England has lost touch with the masses, and that this accounts for their non-attendance at church. One may ask when, since the Reformation, the Church has ever been in touch with the masses? These masses in our industrial centres have never been lost, for the simple reason that they have never been won. The Church, in individual parishes, is certainly beginning to touch just the fringe of the people, because she is getting to know them personally. But when I consider the past record of the National Church, which I love and serve, I wonder that the working classes feel toward her as warmly as they do. We know that the whole constitution of the social fabric in Victorian days was individualistic and fiercely competitive, that *laissez faire* was the one and only answer for the wrongs of the people. Men were wearing out bone and muscle to build up England's prosperity, for a pittance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, utterly incongruous with all principles of humanity, let alone Christianity. Then was the time for the Church to prove her steel. But she kept silent. She has always been afraid, quite rightly, of mixing in politics, but has confused, quite wrongly, the need for the reforming of glaring social abuses with politics.

She went her way, she let her opportunity slip, she went on preaching her cold, barren gospel of individual salvation. Untrue to the example of her Divine Master, she neglected men's bodies in pretended care for their souls. And at length the day of release dawned for the oppressed through the efforts of the state. And now democracy is arriving fast, those neglected and oppressed ones are coming into their own, and we profess to feel surprised that they do not rush, with open arms, to embrace the Church. Why should they, with her past record? Democracy is just, fair, critical, and dispassionate in its judgments. It values men and institutions for what they are, not for what they seem. It cannot forget the unworthy part played by the greatest of all institutions at a time when the whole world was lulled by the deadly opiate of *laissez faire*. The Church of England is on her trial in the eyes of democracy. Let her wipe out the stain of her former shame. Let her show that she cares for all that concerns humanity, for their bodies as well as their souls. Let her stand forth as a great, grand, tangible, concrete realization of the dream of brotherhood, and her churches will once more be packed to the doors.

Church-going has diminished because church after church has managed to convey the impression to the outside world that dogma, a cold, barren, intellectual assent to certain theological propositions, is the one sure and certain passport to heaven. 'Believe this or that, accept this or that formal statement, recite this or that creed, and your salvation is assured.' Now, dogma has its place. It is the effort to express in human language the great truths of the Infinite. It does matter what a man believes, because, as he believes, so ought his life to be shaped in consequence. If his idea of God is a lofty and noble one, the life that he lives is more likely to be a worthy and true one. The man who really believes that God is his Father is bound, if he is consistent, to view his fellow men and to treat his fellow men as brothers. So far dogma is of value and has its place. But to teach, or convey the impression, that

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there is any merit or efficacy in the mere act of repeating, 'I believe,' is to degrade Christianity to the level of a pagan charm.

It is up to us, if we want to see men and women attending church again, with the warmth and vigor of purer days, to see that we make it absolutely plain from our pulpits that all the dogma in the world, swallowed wholesale in no matter how large doses, can never bring a man one step nearer to God and heaven and holiness. It is the *life* a man lives that is the test of the sincerity of his religious belief; it is the life he has lived that he will be judged by hereafter; it is life and character that the Church is out to produce; and unless she can 'deliver the goods' then she will, as a visible organization, pass away 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.'

The Outlook

## OLYMPIAN WARFARE: A CHRONICLE OF A BOXING MATCH

BY 'A SPECTATOR'

FAILING a real league of nations, a more sensible way than raising armies and settling disputes by killing at the million rate would clearly be that taken by Jimmy Wilde and Pal Moore at the Olympia. It has, too, the sanction of antiquity; and now that boxing for large sums is a going business concern, with cinema rights and big dividends, it has also the sanction of respectability. The affair at the Olympia was a fairly decent symbolic representation of war, not bloodless, but without loss of life; well staged in the smoky Olympia, with tremendous limelight effects, expert writers, a great deal of money in the show, and a vast audience of comfortable onlookers. There were rules to be observed, laid down by the fistic Hague Convention, and they were broken, just as in real warfare.

Wilde is the best boxing man in the world for his size. The idea of someone of the same weight being able to fight Wilde belongs to the unthinkable, like the idea of establishing a new private bank. Moore, the American boxer, was reported to be sixteen pounds heavier; but after the match it was said that he had only twelve pounds superiority. But these are dark matters. Great boxers are as sensitive as middle-aged men about their weight.

Each man was supported on the night by a formidable representation of his nation. Wilde had with him a large and tuneful body of Welsh miners, and a picked company of Cardiff shipowners, who sang perhaps less tunefully, but as well as they could. The song was, of course, 'Land of Our Fathers,' and the language Welsh. There was an undoubted thrill through the hall, although thrills had been common that night, when the thick little men, pouring from all sides round the platform at the end, raised their voices in the old hymn of nationality. That was the thanksgiving service after the victory.

The Americans there were General Pershing and many of his soldiers, and the more solid side of the Savoy Hotel. Then there were the Prince of Wales, many lords, and other Englishmen of all degrees and standards, and there was more evening dress than at the opera. Here and there were carefully dressed women; which aroused much talk among the Dominion soldiers, for overseas women are not allowed at boxing matches. At the end of the hall was a vast fragment of some scenery left over from a former show, displaying Notre Dame in flames.

That was the setting. The boxing itself has been described in the daily press too well and lengthily for my

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feeble pen. Wilde is small, almost like a jockey, with the sort of face — grave and rather pleasant, sometimes like a child, sometimes like an old man — that people used to call 'old-fashioned.' He has a sidelong glance, and rarely looks his man straight in the face, although his gift is hitting his man very straight with his wonderful left. His arms are long, and he is very sparing with his right; but when he uses it you hear an 'Ah!' go through the hall. Something seemed to be wrong with his right this time, and it was his failure to get home with it in the eighth round that led his friends to say that Jimmy was not what he was.

Whatever may be said in the boxing papers, the object of each man was to smash or hammer the other into insensibility. Failing that, the object was to win on points, which are estimated on a complex system of calculating hits; but in practice, especially in a twenty-round match, there is rarely any difference between the referee's decision and the judgment of the public.

What troubled Wilde's friends generally was the nature of the surprise that the American had prepared for him. It is generally taken that Americans bring more brains into their sports than Englishmen, and that with them there is usually a surprise. Fairly soon in the match it was seen that Moore was hitting with the front of his hand, slapping in fact. The advantage of this is that the heavy padding is on the back of the glove, and you can do many things with the palm that you can't do with the back. There were outcries from the spectators, and then Moore was cautioned by the referee. Rightly or wrongly, the Americans are believed to take the view more strongly than the English sportsman that sport is war.

The second surprise came about the middle of the fight. Moore had been hard pressed and Wilde was scoring freely. Suddenly things changed. Moore let loose a sort of tornado. This was done by jumping with both feet on the boards, making a great noise, sending in a hurricane of blows left and right as hard as he could swing them, and hissing loudly with his mouth. The belief was that these effects were to represent thunder and lightning and a rainstorm, the whole phenomenal disturbance being intended to break down the nerves of his opponent. It was nicely calculated for the last fifteen seconds of the round, for no one could keep it going long. The bell brought relief to them both; Moore went back panting to his corner, and Wilde, who had taken the whole thing with his head down and all the cover he could get, blinked a little and hoped for better weather in the next round. Moore repeated the tornado three times.

In the first eight rounds Wilde kept piling up points, and Moore was covering himself as well as he could. After that, Moore's confidence came, or his plan of action reached a further stage. He boxed freely, and began to have a half share in the hitting. So it went on till Wilde's lip was cut, and then Moore rubbed the skin off the bridge of his nose. This was rather critical. The blood troubled Wilde's sight, and Moore began hurricane tactics, and it looked like his win. At the end of each round Wilde had his nose painted with some solution, and he came on with a clean face. Moore quickly made it bleed again, and Wilde lost much of his pace and skill. At the end of the nineteenth round, the Welshmen gave a sigh of relief, for they thought their man had got through the worst of it. They were right, and Moore was rather lucky not to have been knocked out in the last round, for Wilde seemed to do

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anything he liked with him. However, Wilde failed with his right-hand hitting, and the knockout that the hall expected did not take place. The twentieth round closed, and the referee in the din pointed to Wilde, and that was the end of it — all but the thanksgiving service in Welsh.

I think that as an epilogue, this conversation, overheard in one of the stands, ought to be given.

'What are they cheering so much for?'

'Why, don't you see, it 's the Prince of Wales.'

'I see that all right, but what are they cheering themselves black for?'

'Why, don't you see, the Prince of Wales is 'ere. Police won't come interfering now, and it 's all right.'

The Nation

## SIR EDWARD ELGAR

BY SYDNEY GREW

Edward Elgar belongs to the 'provinces.' He was born in Worcester in 1857, and for the first forty years of his life he worked chiefly in and for 'provincial' musical circles. He studied alone, taught music locally, played in Midland orchestras, conducted amateur musical societies and composed or arranged music for the same, carried out the duties of church organist, practised for a long while with a view to becoming a concert violinist, and tried with unusual concentration and rare enthusiasm to perfect himself, not only in music, but also in whatever department of art or knowledge he held profitable to the composer of music. He spent little time in London and less on the Continent, had nothing at all to do with the academies, and at the relatively advanced age of thirty-four settled down as a teacher of music in the exceedingly 'provincial' town of Malvern. This was in 1891.

From the year 1890 he began to be known to the British musical world; yet as late as the year 1896 he was still (in the words of contemporary writers) 'the young Malvern teacher whose residence far from London keeps him outside the most vigorous musical life of the country.' It is not likely that he was discontented with his 'provincial' position. He probably knew that 'the most vigorous musical life of the country' existed in his own brain, and that the quietude of the 'provinces' was the best atmosphere for the development of that life. Certainly, when, some years after 1896, he left Malvern (though even then he moved only to Hereford), he left it famous in his own land, distinguished by knighthood and academical degrees *honoris causa*, and accepted as a master by the leading musicians of Germany.

Elgar's first public recognition was provincial also, and chiefly Festival. As a boy and young man, he frequently heard his works in performance by the amateur musical associations of Worcester and the district. On December 15, 1883, himself playing among the violins at his usual desk in the orchestra, he heard, at a Stockley Orchestral Concert in Birmingham Town Hall, his 'Intermezzo Moresque' (the conductor being Mr. W. C. Stockley, who — an astonishingly alert and vigorous man of eighty-eight — still walks about Birmingham in the finer weather). He first found a place in the programmes of the provincial Festivals in 1890, when his 'Froissart' overture was played at Worcester; and thenceforward, as was the custom when a composer had 'made good' at a musical festival, he found the committees more than willing to give him hearings. The Worcester Festival Choral Society produced his cantata 'The Black

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Knight' and his 'Serenade' for strings in 1893. The same society in 1896 produced his 'Scenes from the Bavarian Highlands.' The Worcester Festival in 1896 produced his oratorio, 'The Light of Life,' the North Staffordshire Festival in 1896 his 'King Olaf,' Leeds Festival in 1898 his 'Caractacus,' Norwich Festival in 1899 the song-cycle 'Sea Pictures,' and Birmingham Festival in 1900 the oratorio 'The Dream of Gerontius.'

Manchester had produced the 'Enigma Variations' on June 19, 1899. This work and 'Gerontius,' spreading slowly to London by way of Germany, carried knowledge of Elgar to where 'the most vigorous musical life of the country' claimed to maintain itself; and Elgar's 'provincialism' was ended in March, 1904, by a three-days' festival at Covent Garden, devoted entirely to his own compositions.

Between 1899 and 1911 Edward Elgar lifted British music to a level only less high than the level of the great classic masters—Palestrina, Bach, and Beethoven. Since 1910 he has shown in part what the matured twentieth century is to contain, and as a general result of his life's work he has forced the world to pay to British music a respect denied to it for over two hundred years.

In the character of his work over a creative spell of forty years, he has fixed himself as a sign-post pointing three ways: the one way backward to the Victorian era (as with his 'Ave Verum,' 'Sevillana,' and minor *salon* pieces); another way forward to the coming epoch of this century (as with his violin concerto, 'Chantons Belges,' and 'Spirit of England'), and the third way to the luxuriant period of the transition from Victorian music to Post-Victorian (as with his 'Sursum Corda,' 'Spanish Serenade,' 'Fly, Singing Bird,' and the Festival works mentioned above). Some of his later larger works (the 1903 and 1906 oratorios, 'The Apostles' and 'The Kingdom,' the 1912 cantata, 'The Music-Makers,' and the 1913 tone-poem, 'Falstaff') are rather doubtful successes; others (the 'Introduction and Allegro' for strings, of 1905, the overture, 'In the South,' of 1904, the Symphonies of 1908 and 1911, the Concerto of 1910, and the short choral pieces, of which the part-song 'Go, Song of Mine' is a conspicuous example) are unquestionably great.

Elgar's historical position can be clarified by a reference to a remark made by Mr. Asquith in his Romanes Lecture of June 8, 1918. Speaking of British mentality in general, Mr. Asquith said that the Victorian epoch closed ten years before the death of the Queen, and that during that decade (1891–1900) 'a transformation, subtle at first, almost imperceptible, set in, and a new chapter, perhaps a new volume, was opened in the story of our national life.'

In music, the Victorian era closed at least ten years earlier than the point set by Mr. Asquith. It closed with the death of Sterndale Bennett in 1875; for though other Victorian composers lived longer than Bennett (as, for instance, G. A. Macfarren, who died in 1887), their work was done before the year 1880.

And the period of transformation, which successive later events place clearly as commencing in the year 1880 with Parry's 'Prometheus Unbound,' was not in any way subtle in spirit, 'almost imperceptible.' It was, on the contrary, vigorous, adequately individual, busy to the point of bustling, and full enough of variety and contrast. It produced the first matured work of Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie, MacCunn, Cowan, and several other composers still living; and working



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with four of the five named, in sincerity and spiritual power it was far more creditable than the corresponding decade in literary art, the nineties.

But by 1890 it had proved its character. Like all transitional periods, it had proved itself insufficient for the production of great work; and it passed, leaving our music far better than it found it, but enriched only with such practical and artistically meritorious pieces as Parry's 'Blest Pair of Sirens,' and Stanford's 'The Revenge.'

Elgar, himself one of the workers of the transitional period, though in a smaller way than the others, opened the first decade of Post-Victorian music with his 1890 overture 'Froissart,' a composition which bears about the same relationship to Victorian music as the work of Maurice Hewlett and Gilbert Parker bears to the work of James Payn and Anthony Trollope. He filled it with works characteristic of himself and of the period, and closed it — so far as it can be said to have been closed at a definite moment and with a particular work — with his 'Enigma Variations' of 1899.

The new Post-Victorian spirit of music did not develop in full strength until the Post-Victorian era had begun in actual point of time. It was revealed emphatically and predominantly by Elgar in his great 1900 work, 'The Dream of Gerontius,' and carried to its first climax in instrumental music in his 1910 Violin Concerto.

Considering Elgar's work as a whole, one at first feels that its chief characteristic is energy. Action seems everywhere, and the mind of the composer seems to be one that looks upon art as a means of expressing virile effort, passionate striving, strenuous attempt. But energy is only apparently the chief feature of Elgar's music. It is true that his music rarely poises itself with the serene detachment of classical art, and that too often it concerns itself with the clang and clatter and pomp and circumstance of such matters as conventional militarism (as in the 'Froissart' overture, the overture 'In the South,' the military marches naturally, and even in the 1908 Symphony). Its great prime characteristic is none the less something the direct opposite of either physical or mental energy — or rather, to be guided by the laws of cause and effect, it is something growing out of energy successfully applied and existing only where energy has fully justified itself.

This characteristic, the supreme *trait* of Elgar's art, is a quality of religious ecstasy, the calm climax of moods of philosophical realization and religious contemplation. It makes his art an expression of faith — not, it is important to note, the faith of conventional optimists or of believers in an easy dogmatic religion, but the faith of strong men who have a sense of the essential and eternal goodness of things, particularly of the soul of man.

This great and valuable spiritual characteristic impresses itself upon Elgar's music from the first, though naturally more strongly and completely since the period of his first maturity; and whenever it appears (as in the part-songs 'They Are at Rest' and 'Go, Song of Mine'; the concluding part of the slow movement of the 1908 Symphony; the slow movement of the Concerto; the angel's music in 'Gerontius,' of which the 'Alleluia' phrase is its quintessence; and parts of the 1917–1918 trilogy, 'The Spirit of England'), it makes his music sweet and pure, and, for all its passion and tumult, dignified and serene.

In this Elgar is typically modern. The classic masters hide the processes whereby they arrive at calm; the masters of modern art reveal them. Some

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of these modern masters reveal little else, from which one imagines that they have not discovered the common secret of art and of life. Elgar is not one of these. Through a half-century of effort toward self-understanding and self-mastery, he has won to victory. His grasp of life is firm, and his artistic expression of it adequate. Hence incidentally the great success and unique value of his war-music. He has not made war-music what Whitman made war-poetry, 'Drum-Taps,' composed, like 'The Spirit of England,' during the years of struggle, gets to the root of things more nearly and more completely than 'Chantons Belges' or 'The Spirit of England'; but he has made it a matter the nation cannot do without. Should his spiritual development continue and Elgar produce (as is more than possible) characteristic post-war music, the cycle of his art will be of most unusual diversity, before which the story of Verdi will seem quite simple and ordinary. But even if Elgar gives us no more large and vital music, he has done enough to make the present safe, to connect it with the great past, and to assure the future of younger men. Music in England can never relapse to what it was forty years ago; and so long as it maintains itself where Elgar has placed it, it can never lose the essential virtue of all contemporaneous art, which is a true and sane spirit of modernity.

To-day

## THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING ONE'S NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE

We have heard it maintained that in all ages human beings have hated two things more than anything else — working and fighting. Man was born lazy and peaceable. He works only in order to be able to be idle. He fights only in order to be able to live at peace. There are, it cannot be denied, men who cannot help working and others who cannot help fighting. It is their genius or doom. But the mass of men do not share their restless passions. They prefer a life of modest ease. One thinks of the literature of the Heroic Age as a literature of men who loved fighting for its own sake. But, when we read Homer, we find how mistaken a view this is. The rank and file of the Greeks did not in the least wish to make war on Troy. We find them, at the first suggestion of a 'defeatist' orator, eager to hurry down to the beach and embark for home. They took exactly the same attitude to war that the Russian soldiers astonished some people by taking after the Revolution. The passion for fighting for fighting's sake is so rare, that it is taken for granted that no army could hold together except under the pressure of an iron discipline such as human beings would find intolerable in ordinary life. The general dislike of fighting may be seen in the fact that soldiers always do their best to delude themselves with the hope that the war in which they are engaged will be a short war. Even those realists who refuse to be deluded find no pleasure in the thought that the end is not in sight. If they 'stick it,' in the popular phrase, they do so as Stoics, not as Epicureans. They, too, would like to be aboard the ships that would take them back to their wives, their children, and their country. The popularity of 'blighty' wounds during the late war was notorious. Men may love victory; but they are willing to fight for it only as a desperate necessity. The love of being a winner is a far more widespread passion than pugnacity. Pugnacity is only a by-product.

As for work, does not our very religion show how we hate it? We read

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in the Bible that it came into the world as a punishment and a curse. Had Adam never sinned, he would have been a lazy and immortal vagabond. The Garden of Eden and Paradise are, in the popular imagination, the one a green, the other a golden, haven of idleness. If we praise work, then, it is not because we regard it as the best of all possible things in the best of all possible worlds. We regard it rather as an inevitable burden. It is the last resource of fallen man. It would be difficult to prove that in itself it is any more ennobling than indolence. Excessive labor, it may even be, is brutalizing in its effects as excessive indolence is not. There is, we are aware, a grave moral objection to indolence. But this objection arises, not from any theory of the ideal beauty of work, but from the fact that in this world, rolling on its way under the shadow of Adam's curse, no man can be indolent without escaping his share of the general burden. He becomes a shirker and lives at the expense of his neighbors. Men, women, and children have to go without a little luxury, perhaps even without necessaries, in order to support him in his idleness. He offends the sense of justice which tells us that all men should contribute equally out of their energies to the common fund of labor.

We have no more right to avoid working than to avoid paying taxes. We may not be particularly enthusiastic about either work or taxes; but an enthusiastic sense of equality may at least carry us through. 'Work,' said Carlyle, 'is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind.' Frankly, we doubt it. It did not even cure Carlyle of indigestion. Had work been all that was needed, we should long ago have got back into Paradise. It is possible, indeed, that in some circumstances work may even add to the maladies and miseries of mankind. A man may work hard at making pills for poisoners or bombs for anarchists, to name only two of a multitude of reprehensible activities. One may be industrious to the detriment of one's fellows no less than to their gain. Hence, if we speak in praise of work, it is not because we have faith in it as the rosy remedy of a quack doctor of society. It is because we see no other way of paying the unreckonable debt bequeathed to us by Adam. Someone has to pay it. It cannot be repudiated by the human race in general without an immediate collapse into ruin. And what the race cannot repudiate, the individual member of the race has no right to repudiate. A Thoreau or a Stevenson affords no precedent for idlers. Each of them did his full share of the work of his age.

Just at present, one hears complaints on all sides that the workers are ceasing to work. It was in Victorian England accepted as an economic principle that every man had the right to sell as little labor as possible for as much money as possible. This was called competition, and was regarded as a divine institution by members of the middle classes who wished to be allowed to grow rich. For a long time it worked admirably for those who believed in it, for by some curious paradox it resulted in the working classes selling as much labor as possible for as little money as possible — an entirely opposite effect to that which was produced in the ranks of the bourgeois manufacturers. Buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest was supposed to be a blessed phrase, which explained to workingmen why their wages were low; not a phrase that could possibly incite them to unite in the determination to make their wages high. All sorts of devices, such as the wages fund, were invented in order to persuade them that the wages of a

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laborer were limited by an iron law which did not apply to the dividends of manufacturers. Moralists kept assailing the economists, and warning them that they were instilling a poisonous doctrine into the body of society — that 'the Devil take the hindmost' was a Devil's principle. As the world grew richer, however, and the hindmost did not protest too much, the economists seemed to have the better of the argument. They did not realize that the hindmost were sheep who were bound ultimately to follow the foremost. If the foremost lived for themselves rather than for society, the hindmost in the end were sure to imitate them. If the foremost preferred the ideal of self-aggrandizement to the ideal of equal service, the hindmost must in the nature of things follow suit. Even if we grant that the worst that is being said of the workers just now is true, it means no more than that the economic gospel of the nineteenth century is bearing its natural fruit. If we allow the Devil to take the hindmost without protest he will ultimately go further and take the whole of society.

One thing is clear, however. 'The Devil take the hindmost' has now ceased to be possible as a golden rule for a civilized nation. The workers will be content to give their work only under the inspiration of another philosophy. Work with the object of self-aggrandizement can lead us nowhere but into the disaster of a class war, in which each side will have nothing to support it in the fight save a bitter passion for profits. It is not that the ordinary man is not perfectly willing to go on working for his own aggrandizement. It is that he will not go on working for the aggrandizement of other people. He is not a saint who has suddenly abandoned the doctrine of self-interest. He is merely an ordinary man, who has discovered that the doctrine of self-interest works to the advantage of othe s rather than himself. All he is doing at the moment is to try to twist the doctrine to his own advantage. He was told that competition is good, and he has begun to compete for as big a share as possible of the wealth of the world. His masters, terrified by the sufficiently terrific spectacle, preach to him about the good of society. But they do not as a rule practise what they preach. The history of the Excess Profits Tax, when it is fully told, with its record of captains of industry doing everything in their power to withhold or lessen their contributions to the state when it stood in mortal need of them, will throw a light on human nature hardly less disturbing than the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels*. It is the spirit that led to these shameful avoidances, and the similar spirit shown by the men called profiteers, which is responsible for much of the debasement we all see in the industrial life of the nation. Workmen have been taught by example, though not by precept, that any man who can has a right to prey upon society. They are not taught by example that we are all members of society, owing to it an equal debt and claiming from it equal rights in return. In the result, popular ideas, both of the duties of man and of the rights of man, have got hopelessly muddled. Work is withheld simply because the gospel of greed — of which the gospel of laziness is a branch — has at last become general.

How, then, can we set the world to work again? It can be done only by the dread of starvation or by the acceptance of a new principle as the basis of industry. Man will work happily if he has an assurance that he is serving himself and his fellows; he will not work happily if he suspects that he is mainly serving a self-seeking

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master. He is not a Utopian, who demands the establishment of a new heaven or a new earth to-morrow. He only wishes to be able to feel that his work is a contribution to something better than an employer's balance at the bank. Work is a means of escape from the ills of starvation, ignorance, dirt, and general helplessness. It becomes nobler when it is done for the purpose of enabling others to escape from these ills. The commonplaces of morality tell us all this. Preachers have told us for ages that the work of a crossing sweeper done from a generous motive is as noble as the work of a Prime Minister. Only if we get back the idea of the nobility of work into the general mind can we ever persuade men again to work as hard as they used to do. They will never work such long hours again. All the more important will it be for them — we should say for us — to work still more intensely at such work as our hands find to do.

For the moment, many people are rebellious against every task that falls to them. Domestic servants, with their slovenly ways and the loss of the old semi-servile pride in the results of their work, are a type of much of the degraded labor of the present time. It may be that the disappearance of the old family dependent, who asked no better reward than praise for a well-cooked pie or a spotless house, is a desirable thing. We think it is. Freedom is better than good cookery. But what a miserable race we must be if we can find no way of making freedom consistent with good cookery! Freedom means something more than a slut in the kitchen and a sloven in the factory. Perhaps it means the abolition of the private kitchen altogether, and of the privately owned factory. Certainly, society must be so organized that we can fairly ask every man and woman to perform a hard and competent day's work. Obviously, we must all 'speed up' and undertake the burden of work with new energy, if civilization is to get to its feet again and be able to march forward. This, we are afraid, is impossible unless the social motive comes into play, and to some extent balances the selfish motive in industry. The spirit of fellowship, which is praised in war, is equally indispensable in peace. Without it, what reason is there for not slacking, shirking, or indulging in any other of the various forms of industrial egotism?

The New Statesman

## 'O. HENRY' THROUGH FRENCH EYES

BY RAOUL NARSY

Because he feels life keenly only when something is at stake, because he is all for business and has little use for leisure, a little because he belongs to a young nation which still preserves certain characteristics of immaturity, the American, hurried, impatient, and curious, is rarely capable of sustained attention and does not care for things which take long to read. He seeks action rapidly developed by succinct and essential touches; he looks to see the plot move from event to event, accompanied by those topical details which summon up a strong illusion of life. Thus may the place held by the short story in American literature and the manifest predilection of the American public for the form be explained in a probable fashion.

The short story and the novelette too frequently have been treated with disdain. Even those who treat the short story in a less cavalier spirit see in it only a 'minor genre,' while the majority of readers appear to regard it as a kind of rhetorical exercise, a species

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of gymnastics which must be gone through before a novel may be attempted. A regrettable prejudice this, which the truth of many examples seconds and sustains, yet, nevertheless, one which reposes only on that old error of æsthetics which gave us the terms 'minor' and 'major' arts. For, after all, there is no such thing as a superior or inferior art; there is only art. There are no great 'genres' or little 'genres' but only works of art which are to be classed by their values as works of art, and not by the archaic dogmas of pedagogues. A little sketch may be worth far more than a huge historical painting; a letter of Voltaire's is worth all the Henriade together.

The short story is above all a difficult genre, for its compactness cannot tolerate either disorder in the construction or weakness in the style. The short story form has its own law; which requires the exactness of measures and proportions. We are entitled to seek the within, the form, the exquisite, the unusual, and the perfect.

The short story form has been developed in the United States in a remarkable manner. The greatest names of a literature which has barely a century of existence have, as M. Maxime Maury puts it, excelled in a short narrative perfect as a jewel. Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, Mark Twain, Harding Davis, and Jack London acquired through their short stories a universal renown. And now to-day M. Maury directs our attention to a new master of contemporary American literature; he reveals to us O. Henry.

The work of this writer (whose life appears to have been unusually varied, if we may trust the few notes upon it given by the translator) is not very great for a time in which literary production is so abundant. O. Henry published only twelve volumes of stories. Only one of these stories possesses either the length or the continuity to be called a novel, and this is the volume called in French *Au Pays de la Banane*. The eleven others are but collections of widely differing short stories, united under bizarre and untranslatable titles. Two of these volumes are more or less homogeneous. *The Gentle Grafter* (*L'Aimable Escroe*), diverting tales of ingenious rogues, and *The Heart of the West* (*Le Cœur de l'Ouest*), tales of the adventures of vagabonds and ranchmen. By including only the excellent stories, and printing them where he would, the editor has found a way of making better known the vigorous personality of O. Henry, and the generosity of his very complex and frankly sympathetic temperament.

There are seventeen stories in the volume which M. Maury has translated. O. Henry is an attentive observer, careful of details, wise in the ways of the world, indulgent, but by no means impassive. He knows how to see and also how to hold himself in check. Subjects interest or amuse him; they stimulate his intellectual curiosity his abounding *verve*, his intelligence armed with irony; he dominates his characters rather than suffering them. Strictly speaking, he is not a moralist. There is not a phrase in the book that speaks of the preacher or the doctrinaire; the stories reveal a sensitiveness and a conscience, but of approval or condemnation there is little. It would be safer to say that O. Henry leads us on to form our own judgments. Never in the name of abstract, formal, implacable, or universal principles are these judgments made; the specific character must be judged by his circumstances and environment. It was O. Henry's way simply to observe the deeds of man, to look within the vary-

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ing souls and see there whatever there was of rudimentary, whatever there was which had been insensibly deformed by heredity, education, or custom. The distinction between good and bad is not easily to be analyzed when one is confronted with an agglomeration of cowboys. Values in such circumstances are modified or even may be reversed. Henry excels in pointing out to us the necessity of being just and the duty of appreciating deeds according to the stage on which they are performed. Thus the most painful stories of this narrator, who saw many an unhappy sight in the slums of the great cities, many a blood-stained episode of the violent life of the ranchers, leaves us with no impression of misanthropy or pessimism. Nobility, loyalty, and worth retain over all men their profound empire, and even among the worst of them, are to be seen secret gleams which suddenly blossom into a shining light. O. Henry's work is a harvest of this attitude of mind.

L'Opinion

## AN APOLOGY FOR SNOBS

BY G. SANTAYANA

British satirists are very scornful of snobbery; they seem oppressed by the thought that wealth, rank, and finery are hideously inane, and that they are hideously powerful. Are these moralists really overcome by a sense of the vanity of human wishes? It would hardly seem so; for they often breathe a sentimental adoration for romantic love or philanthropy or adventure or mystic piety or good cheer or ruthless will — all of them passions as little likely as any snobbish impulse to arise without some illusion or to end without some disappointment. Why this exclusive hostility to the vanities dear to the snob? Have birth, money, and fashion no value whatever? Do they not dazzle the innocent and unsophisticated with a distant image of happiness? Are they not actually, when enjoyed, very comforting and delightful things in their way? What else than this sensitiveness to better social example — which we may call snobbery if we please — lends English life in particular its most characteristic excellences: order without constraint, leisure without apathy, seclusion without solitude, good manners without punctilio, emulation without intrigue, splendor without hollowness? Why such bitterness about the harmless absurdities that may fringe this national discipline? Are these moralists, in fact, only envious and sulky? Is it sour grapes? It would sometimes seem as if, in England, the less representative a man was, the more eagerly he took to literature, and thought that by hating his fellow men and despising their prevalent feelings he rendered himself eminently fit to be their guide and redeemer.

In fact, there is a philosophical principle implied in snobbery, a principle which is certainly false if made absolute, but which fairly expresses the moral relations of things in a certain perspective. If we all really stood on different steps in a single ladder of progress, then to admire and imitate those above us and to identify ourselves with them by hook or by crook would be simply to accelerate our natural development, to expand into our higher self, and to avoid fatal abysses to the right and left of the path marked out for us by our innate vocation. Life would then be like the simple game which children call follow the leader; and this scrupulous discipleship would be perfect freedom, since the soul of our leader and our own soul that chooses him would be

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the same. This principle is precisely that of the transcendental philosophy where it maintains that there is but one spirit in all men, and one logical moral evolution for the world. In fact, it is the Germans rather than the English that are solemn, convinced, and universal snobs. If they do not seem so much snobs in particular, it is because they are snobs *überhaupt*. It is not only from the nobility that grateful dews descend on their sensitive hearts, as upon open flowers; they yearn also after the professors and the artists, and assiduously dress their domestic mind, so far as the cloth will go, in the latest intellectual fashion. Their respect for what holds the official stage, and holds it for the moment, is beautiful in its completeness. They can change their front without changing their formation. And the occasional pricks and heartburnings of snobbery are entirely drowned, in their case, in its voluminous vicarious joys.

On the whole, however, snobbish sentiment and transcendental philosophy do not express the facts of nature. Men and nations do not really march in single file, as if they were being shepherded into some Noah's ark. They have perhaps a common root and similar beginnings, but they branch out at every step into paths between which there is no further interchange of sap or common destiny. Their respective fruits become incommensurable in beauty and in value, like the poetry of different languages, and more disparate the more each is perfected after its kind. The whale is not a first sketch for the butterfly, nor its divine culmination; the mind of an ox is not a fuller expression of that of a rabbit. The poet does not evolve into the general, nor *vice versa;* nor does a man, in growing further, become a woman, superior as she may be in her own way.

That is why snobbery is really a vice: it tempts us to neglect and despise our proper virtues in aping those of other people. If an angel appeared to me displaying his iridescent wings and treble voice and heart fluttering with eternal love, I should say, 'Certainly, I congratulate you, but I do not wish to resemble you.' Snobbery haunts those who are not reconciled with themselves; evolution is the hope of the immature. You cannot be everything. Why not be what you are?

This contentment with one's self, in its rational mixture of pride with humility, and its infinite indifference to possibilities which to us are impossible, is well understood in the great East — which is a moral as well as a geographical climate. There everyone feels that circumstances have not made and cannot unmake the soul. Variations of fortune do not move a man from his inborn centre of gravity. Whatever happens, and whatever people say, he puts up with as he would with bad weather. He lets them thunder and rage, and continues to sit on his heels in his corner, in the shade or in the sun according to the season, munching his crust of bread, meditating on heaven and earth, and publishing on occasion to the passers-by, or to the wilderness, the revelations he receives from the spirit; and if these are particularly vivid, he will not hesitate to cry, 'So saith the Lord,' with an equal dignity or assurance whether he be sage, king, or beggar.

Such firmness and independence of character are admirable, so long as the expression of them remains merely poetical or moral. It is enough if confessions are sincere, and aspirations true to the heart that utters them. In the heights and the depths we are all solitary; and we are deceived if we think otherwise, even when people say they agree with us, or form a sect under

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our name. As our radical bodily functions are incorrigibly selfish and persistent, so our ultimate ideals, if they are sincere, must forever deviate from those of others and find their zenith in a different star. The moral world is round like the heavens, and the directions which life can take are infinitely divergent and unreturning.

But in the world of circumstances, in matters of politics and business, information, and thrift, civilized men move together: their interests, if not identical, are parallel, and their very conflicts and rivalries arise out of this contact and relevance in their aims. Eminence in this worldly sphere is unmistakable. One fortune in money can be measured against another and may be increased to equal it; and in government, fashion, and notoriety, some people are unmistakably at the top of the tree, and doubtless deserve to be there, having found the right method of climbing. It is only natural that those who wish to climb too should study and imitate them. Awe and respect for such persons is an honest expression of social idealism: it is an admiration mixed with curiosity and with the desire for propinquity, because their achievements are in our own line of business and a prosperous partnership is not out of the question. Their life is the ideal of ours. Yet all such conventional values and instrumentalities, in which we are perhaps absorbed, in the end say nothing to the heart. If by chance, in the shifts of this world, we pop up near the people whom we distantly admired, and reach the crest of the wave in their company, we discover how great an illusion it was that it would be good or possible for us to resemble them; conventional friends, we have no instincts, joys, or memories in common.

It is, perhaps, from quite another age or race, from an utterly different setting of worldly tasks and ambitions, that some hint of true friendship and understanding reaches us in our hermitage; and even this hint is probably a hollow reverberation of our own soliloquy. In this slippery competitive earth snobbery is not unreasonable; but in heaven and hell there are no snobs. There every despised demon hugs his favorite vice forever, and even the smallest of the stars shines with a singular glory.

The Athenæum

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# WHISKEY AND SODA: A STORY

BY BOYD CABLE

'FIVE!' said Greenie Buckler as another shell burst down the line in a leaping rush of dirt and black smoke. Next moment he jerked erect and jumped convulsively from where a fragment had hissed down and buried itself with a vicious slap in the mud a bare yard from where he had crouched.

'Keep down there, Buckler; keep under cover!' called a sergeant, and Buckler resumed his crouching position and spluttered angry curses. 'Under cover — where 's the dash cover from stuff that slaps straight down out o' the sky? Dash take ——'

A gust of bullets whewed and whimpered and hissed overhead and another lot pattered and thudded into the earth of the low parapet. A group of light shells snarled over and burst in a series of rending cracks, and the group in the trench bottom crouched lower and glanced up apprehensively. A sharp cry followed close on the cracks, and some of the men stirred restlessly and muttered low oaths. 'Someone else got it,' said one. 'Wonder who this time?' Another grunted, 'Wonder who next?' and the group fell silent again. 'Four together that time,' remarked Buckler. 'But I 've forgotten what I counted to before them.'

'Shut up and quit countin' the cussed things,' he was told. 'There 's too many of 'em for comfort, an' that 's quite enough to know.'

'Want to know what they average out a minute,' said Greenie Buckler. 'I 've a notion this is about as hot a fire as this ol' war has raised, and I want to be able to quote figures at 'em when I come to argue it.'

'Yes — when,' came the retort. 'But it looks like the devil will be the only one you 'll have a chance to argue with before night.'

The battalion was having a bad time, and the men were taking it the harder because it was their first turn in the trenches, because they were suffering rather heavy casualties, and because they had nothing to do, had nothing they could do, except squat in the mud of the shallow and broken-down trenches, and take the punishment that was coming to them. It was dismal weather, with the ground a soaking quagmire and a cold rain sleeting steadily down. The men's coats and clothes were soaked and sodden to the skin, and clothes, hands, and faces were fouled with the chill, slimy, clammy mud which was everywhere, round and under them, and clung to everything it touched. The only landscape visible to any eyes that looked outside the trench was a wet expanse of the same sodden earth and mud, a few shattered stumps of trees standing up gaunt and forlorn, a horizon curtained off by a gray drizzle of rain — all most horribly dreary and depressing and unpleasant. Nothing alive could be seen; nothing moved except the thick black smoke of fresh shell bursts, the slow uncoiling dirty clouds of their dispersing.

The scene and surroundings alone might well have depressed the spirits of the best and bravest; and when you add in the rush and crash of the shells,



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the whistle of bullets, and — worst of all — the occasional sight of a casualty from shell fire, you cannot wonder that the men were in no cheerful mood.

The same battalion — which meantime we may call 'The Greenhorns' — came afterwards to prove itself one of the best and toughest fighting lots in France; but — and it is no discredit to them, and they take no shame in owning to it now — they were going through about the worst of the experiences they were ever to face, and were not feeling good about it. They were picked men, one of the first lots to come in to the relief of the 'Contemptible Little Army,' and every man of them had asked nothing better than to get into action, had been keen and desperately anxious to show what they were made of, and just how good the battalion was.

But this very keenness has its dangerous side, as plenty of old soldiers will tell you, especially in a lot that have not been tried out in action, that have not 'found themselves.' They are well to be proud of a reputation, but not if they get to worry about it, because from worrying they may get to being nervous about it — and the front line is no place for any sort of nervousness. It is worse with new and untried men, because a hot action is so often more horrible than imagination could paint, and men are inclined to think this particular shell or rifle fire or attack is heavier than anything men have endured, to pass on to thinking it is worse than men can endure, and — the last and most dangerous stage of all — come to failing to endure and flinching from the trial. Greenie Buckler was counting the falling shells with just that idea in mind of proving some day that, as he said, 'They say this is the worst war on record, an' I fancy we 're in about the worst bit of it as ever ever was.'

The battalion had been in for two full days and nights and had suffered with great fortitude the grueling process of being under a fairly heavy long-range shell fire, losing a number of men, and having their shallow trenches badly knocked about. But on this, the third day, the shelling had risen to an intensive bombardment, and in addition a heavy rifle and machine-gun fire had swept the ground in steady streams.

When this rifle fire first began it appeared a sound reasoning to our men that if the Germans looked over their parapet to fire, their heads must be presenting a target to be shot at; and greatly cheered by the change from their deadly inactivity, they lined their parapets and opened a rapid fire. But the Germans had the greater number of rifles and a still greater weight of machine guns, and in response to our fire there came from the German trenches a steadily rising full-bodied roar of rifle fire and a sluicing torrent of bullets that swept our parapets from every possible angle, while the rate of fire from the enemy guns also increased and their high-explosives burst in an unceasing storm. At the end of half an hour of this dueling we had so many casualties — most of them killed outright with clean shots through the head — and were so evidently getting the worst of it that orders were passed along to ease off and for the men to keep down and under cover.

This, again, the feeling that they had been fairly beaten in the duel, was not the best feeling for the men to have to sit down and digest through another bout of active shelling, and spirits went down and down, and gloomy prophecies began to pass on the chances of any success attending a move part of the battalion was due to make before dark. Out on their right front and about a hundred and fifty yards away

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there was a slight rise in the ground, from which the Germans were able to bring a half-enfilade fire to bear on part of our line. The rise was to be captured and our line pushed forward to take it in, and the right half of the battalion was to make the attempt while the other half made a demonstration of attacking the trenches opposite them. At first it had not been supposed that the trenches along the rise were heavily held — in fact, official word had been passed round to that effect.

The Greenhorns, and the right half especially, began to hold a very different opinion on the matter after that rifle duel and the weight of fire that came from the opposition. They were ready and willing enough to make the attempt, and were in no sense afraid to die; but they began to feel certain that the attempt meant nothing but death, that none of them could live to come through such a fire and reach the enemy trench. And this, despite any amount of determination, is no healthy spirit for men to take with them into an attack.

The C.O. made a tour of some of his trenches during the afternoon, and spoke to odd officers and N.C.O.'s and men, and tried to gauge their feelings and the situation. He was far from feeling easy at the result, and he went back to the Signals dugout and had a 'phone talk with H.Q. behind — speaking in French to keep his talk private from the signalers. Like his men he was perfectly willing and eager to have the chance to show what they could do and make the little forward move; but thought it no more than wise to warn H.Q. of his opinion that the attack might not live to reach the enemy trench, and so on. In reply he was told to go ahead with the programme, but was promised some reinforcements to make up for the losses he had suffered. The reinforcements could only be few, but they would be good.

This remark on reinforcements — with no word as to their fewness — was allowed to filter out and round the men, and they began to feel a shade more hopeful. But very shortly after there came such a sudden and tremendous increase in the enemy fire that the hopefulness began to die down again. The rush and crash of the high explosives came faster and faster, although this time the most of them appeared to be falling well behind. The rifle and machine-gun fire rose again, too, and the bullets streamed overhead and rapped and thudded along the parapets, until the men, crouched low and listening to the fiendish uproar, began to speculate dismally again on the chances of anyone remaining alive a moment after they left the cover of the trench and faced the storm in the open. A whisper began to go round that the Germans must have heard — those cursed spies again — the attack was coming off, and were trying to break it before it began. And what sort of fire must they expect to meet when the attack began, if before a man showed it was as hot as this? 'This,' the hiss and whisk and thud of bullets, the howl and vibrant rush of the passing shells, the quivering of the ground under the impact of their fall, the riving cracks of the shrapnel's burst overhead, the deep tearing crashes and storm of flying fragments from the ground-bursts, all the clamor of battle that made up the 'this' gave no shade of comfort in the answer to their question. They 'd make the attempt all right, of course — but it was hard luck — not a chance to show the sort of stuff they were, or let the folks back home hear how they could make a charge and clear a position — hard luck, but at least they 'd

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show how the battalion could die, to the last man, if need be, in a desperate charge.

Then, when the feelings of the Greenhorns were at their lowest, when they were coming to the dangerous verge of wondering was it worth while for them to be thrown away uselessly — quite uselessly, since it was plain none could survive that fire in the open and the rise would remain untaken — the reinforcements appeared.

The first sight of them filled the tired men in the trenches with an amazement that changed rapidly to open wrath and disgust. For the reinforcements were advancing across the open in a long widely-spaced line at a steady walk. It was evident that the Germans too had seen them, for the shells began to pitch farther back, and flame and crash down along the advancing line, the rifle fire swelled to a roaring storm. The battalion watched with straining eyes to see the advancing line swept out of existence, to be cut down to the last man in the first hundred yards. It was suicide, it was crazy folly, it was this, that, and the other, to sacrifice the men so. Could n't their officers have seen it was hopeless to come over the open, walking upright, under fire of this sort. And bitter remarks began to pass of unpleasant things they had heard from time to time about the stupidity, the rashness, the thick-headed carelessness of life shown by fool officers.

But the line came on, with maddening slowness, but with the most astonishing steadiness. A group of shells would fall in winking fire and spurting smoke along the line; here and there odd men stumbled and fell and lay still, or staggered up and into place and on again. Another string of shells — heavy ones this time — crashed down, and a half of the line vanished behind the curtain of rolling black smoke; but as the smoke thinned and drifted aside dim figures came in sight again, still in line, and still advancing. The men in the trenches gasped, and held their breath, and waited tense with straining eyes and thumping hearts, to see the end, the moment when the line would thin out and die away under the crashing shells and the drumming bullets that hailed down, flinging spurts of mud and dirt from the ground among the very feet of the moving men. One hundred yards they had thought was the limit the line could cover before they were cut down; and, seeing the tornado of fire, most there began to think the hundred yards an over-estimate.

But the line covered the hundred yards, two hundred, three, four, and began to drop and clamber and jump unhastily down into the cover of the support trench. There were scattered figures dotting the ground behind them, there were a few crawling back, already there were stretcher-bearers doubling out to salve the wounded; but the line had reached cover, still more or less as a line, decidedly and most miraculously without being annihilated.

'By God!' said Greenie Buckler, 'By God ——'

'What lot are they?' asked another man. 'Must be The Guards, or some o' the crack regiments.'

'Not them,' said Greenie. 'They 're the Roughshire Stuffs or the Stuffshire Buffs, or some other crowd I dunno I ever heard the name of. Just one of the ordinary common County regiments o' the line — one o' the old Regular regiments.'

'Well, after this,' said the other. 'I 'm ready an' willin' to believe any sort o' fancy fairy-tale yarn they like to tell me o' the old Regulars. I take off my hat to 'em.'

They were all prepared to lavish

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compliments and comments of amazement on the newcomers when presently they began to filter up by the short communication trench to the front line, but the newcomers received these with such an air of surprise that the comments died away.

'That!' said one of the Regulars. 'Pretty hot, but nothing to shout about. We 've met a lot worse 'n that.' And they dismissed the matter at that.

Not only so, but they appeared to take the situation, which the Greenhorns still considered horribly bad, as a mere matter of course, as something so much the normal as to be worth no special remark. They began to go calmly about the business of settling in and making themselves as comfortable (if the word may be permitted under such circumstances) as possible, scooping out little niches here and there and rigging up waterproof ground sheet roofs to them, taking off overcoats and wringing the water out with one man to the shoulders and another to the skirts, and putting them on again, even, in the case of one little group, producing a handful of dry sticks from somewhere about their packs, lighting a little fire, and boiling water to make tea.

The Greenhorns regarded these proceedings with round-eyed wonder, and for very shame's sake were forced to move and sit about like these others, instead of crouching low and hugging the parapet as they had been doing.

'You 're pretty snug in 'ere,' said one of the tea-makers, looking up at Greenie Buckler. 'Fine deep trenches an' good cover. Feels safe as the Bank.'

This was a new and strange opinion on their trenches to the Greenhorns. They had been thinking them most unsatisfactory trenches, woefully lacking in any good points, shallow, tumbled, broken down, and everything else a trench ought not to be.

'They 're a bit smashed up,' said Greenie, hesitatingly. 'We 've been shelled — er — rather badly the last day or two.'

'They 're still bloomin' trenches, anyway,' said a little Cockney, emphatically. 'You want to lie hout in the bloomin' hopen for a day under a heap worse fire then this, an' you 'd think you was bloomin' lucky to 'ave trenches at all — much less good 'uns like this.'

Conversations of a similar sort were going on up and down the line, and the Greenhorns began to discover that affairs were not nearly as desperate as they had supposed, that their casualties had been comparatively light, that their position was a strong and easily defendable one, and that the expected advance on the rise must end in a no-less-expected capture of it.

The coping stone to this cheerful opinion was put on by the little Cockney. Several remarks had been made by the Greenhorns round him about the position that was to be attacked, the huge number of Germans opposite, and, feeling gently for an expert opinion, on the chances of successfully facing the enemy fire.

'Where is this bloomin' position?' asked the Cockney at last, and when a Greenhorn, without looking out of the trench, pointed the direction, the Cockney stood up and looked out at it. 'You got a good position 'ere, hanyway,' he remarked, hitching himself a little higher to look out. 'Plenty o' wire hout' (there were about six straggling strands) 'an' a fine hopen glassy* for 'em to cross, if they want to try. Not that they 're likely to try. We could shoot 'em into cats'-meat 'fore they come 'arf way.'

'Better keep down a bit,' said

*Glacis.

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Greenie, gently, as half a dozen bullets hissed close over. 'Their trenches over there are stiff wi' rifles, an' if the Germans ——'

The Cockney interrupted. 'Where are these bloomin' Germs?' he demanded, irritably. 'I ain't 'ardly 'eard of nuffink helse but these bloomin' crowds o' Germs since we come in 'ere. Well, where are they?'

'If you don't see 'em you 'll be hearin' from 'em presently,' said Greenie Buckler grimly, 'if you keep on showin' as much of yourself as that. We lost a few this morning that were showin' less 'n half a head over the parapet.'

'Hall right,' said the Cockney, scornfully. 'Let 's see if they 're such bloomin' crack shots, an' if there 's so bloomin' many of 'em.' And without more ado he scrambled up out of the trench and deliberately stood, a clear man-high target, on top of the parapet. Bullets began to whip past in rapidly increasing numbers, and Buckler and the Greenhorns gaped up at him, waiting every instant to see him fall back riddled like a sieve.

'Well,' said the Cockney, 'where are all these bloomin' Hallymands?' He walked half a dozen paces along the parapet and back again. 'Where are hall these bloomin' crack shots?'

His fellows regarded him with mild interest. 'Better hop down outer that,' remarked one casually. 'If the sergeant dekkos* you, you 'll be for it.'

The Cockney condescended to take this advice, and clambered down leisurely, with the bullets still humming and spitting angrily about his ears. 'Rotten shots,' he remarked, and spat disgustedly. 'Rotten bloomin' shots.'

'Is n't that a bit crazy?' said Greenie to one of the other Regulars.

*Sees.

'Don't you fellows have risks enough without going looking for trouble?'

The Regular grinned at him. 'Not as crazy as it looks,' he said. 'They are pretty rotten shots, y' know.'

'But they got a whole bunch of ours, showing no more 'n half a head,' said Greenie.

'Chance shots,' said the Regular. 'But him standing up there a fair target they 'd aim deliberate at 'im. I suppose that 's mostly what they gives us a chance advancin' against 'em over the open. They see us plain and they picks targets to aim at—an' misses as a rule. Now when *we* get a chance of that sort — *ar-r-r!*'

Here again was a new and most cheering version of the business of advancing over the open under fire. The Greenhorns up and down the trench heard plenty of the same sort of talk, and most of them had seen or heard of the little Cockney's exploit. The opinion grew and strengthened that this job of taking the rise was a mere trifle, that they had been needlessly worried about their dangers, that after all they 'd be able to show how they could take a trench and use a bayonet.

They were to make the attack and the reinforcements stay in support. The Regulars were mildly disappointed but properly philosophic, over this arrangement. They 'd never had a fair go with the bayonet, they explained, been in a dozen big battles, but mostly had nothing to do but blaze into the brown of 'em — fair butchery! And what was the good of all the years of training and bayonet exercise they 'd practised if they were never to do more than shoot Germans into ha'penny numbers at anything over two hundred yards. And, besides, when you took a trench there was always all sort of loot — haversacks with tasty snacks in 'em, and helmets, and maybe a few medals and wrist watches. The Greenhorns

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might count themselves in luck. And before they began their advance, the Greenhorns, instead of being desperately keyed up to certain and sudden death, actually began to agree they were in luck.

The attack was made some minutes before the appointed time, because a sudden downpour of rain gave a chance of getting out of the trench and part way across before they were discovered through the gray curtain of the falling torrents. They went forward in better heart and with more confidence than they would have believed possible an hour or two before. Greenie Buckler, indeed, to his own secret amazement, when he came to think it over after, found himself laughing more than half the way over. The little Cockney had climbed out with them, and Greenie was amused to see the way he crouched and ducked and slunk furtively forward, with an apprehensive eye cast constantly behind him. Greenie was tickled at first to think this was the man who had been so contemptuous of bullets a little before, and now apparently was in mortal terror of them. But he was even more amused presently to find what the Cockney was so afraid of was being spotted by his officer or sergeant and called back, because he had no right to be there.

The attack was successful, and the rise was taken. It was not such a tame affair after all, and the Greenhorns had a good many casualties in the crossing, but much more than leveled the score when they got in with the bayonet. They took their trench and held it against a sharp counter-attack or two, linked up their new trench with the old, and settled in with the cheering conviction that no Germans on earth could take it from them.

Land and Water

They were relieved next day, and they were behind the lines when their friends the Regulars came out a few days after. By now they had come to realize all that this handful of men had meant to them, and they turned out of the cellars of the ruined village where they were billeted, and lined the rubbish-strewn street, and gave the Regulars three cheers *and* a tiger as they tramped stolidly through with a mouth organ piping at their head.

'G'blimey,' said the little Cockney. 'Wot's hall the tamasha* about?'

'Gawd knows,' said the man next him. 'Pleased to see us again I s'pose — an' remindin' us they was pleaseder to see us t'other day.'

' 'Strewth! Fat lot o' good we did 'em,' said the Cockney. 'Just sat in comfortable trenches an' watched them take theirs — 'cep' me, that got nothink for my pains but a 'ole in me toonic an' a telling off from the sergeant. Fat lot o' good we did for 'em.'

But therein he was very wrong. They did more than they knew. The Greenhorns knew so by now, and Greenie Buckler spoke for most in what he said of them.

'God knows what we'd ha' done if they hadn't come in and showed us that the worst is only as bad as you think it is. I know they did me good.'

'Me, too,' said another. 'They was like a good long drink to a bone-dry man.'

'They were more,' said Greenie. 'Plain water or straight soda is a good enough drink when you 're dry; but, being the old hand Regulars, they were more; they were just the drop o' whiskey in the soda.'

* Performance.



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# THE FIRST ENGLISH NOVELIST

BY H. C. BIRON

THE curious will find in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, a tablet with the following inscription: 'He enlarged the knowledge of human nature and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.' It is signed all over. As Macaulay said on another occasion, 'Sam Johnson or the devil.' Although we remember a famous refusal to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English epitaph, St. Bride's, Fleet Street, is not Westminster Abbey, nor is Richardson, Goldsmith. Still, no one had a better right than Johnson to provide his friend's epitaph. The sturdy lexicographer's downright admiration for Richardson's novels is one of those stimulating surprises which make his character of such unceasing interest. We can only wonder with Boswell to learn that by comparison Fielding was 'a blockhead' and 'a barren rascal,' and that there is 'more knowledge of the heart in one Letter of Richardson's than in all *Tom Jones*.' But Johnson was always a moralist. In his heart he probably thought with Colonel Newcome, that Tom Jones was rather a low fellow: and though Richardson made the passions move, in his chaste pages Virtue always kept a firm eye on them. In the preface to *Clarissa Harlowe*, Richardson is at pains to point this out:

> But it will be proper to observe, for the sake of such as may apprehend hurt to the morals of youth from the more freely written letters, that the gentlemen, though professed libertines as to the female sex and making it one of their wicked maxims to keep no faith with any of the individuals of it who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either infidels or scoffers.

Seduction tempered by orthodoxy is, it would seem, their lover's creed. And the author points out with pride:

> On the contrary, it will be found in the progress of the work that they may often make such reflections upon each other, and each upon himself and his own actions, as reasonable beings might make who disbelieve not a future state of rewards and punishments and who one day propose to reform.

And one of whom, he points out with triumph, is 'actually reforming.'

Lovelace himself makes an even more singular plea for consideration. He urges in extenuation in a letter to his friend Mr. Belford, that he always wears mourning for his discarded victims when they die. It reminds one of Dr. Johnson's excuse for his pious friend Mr. Campbell, who in spite of his piety had not been inside a church for many years, 'but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat: this shows he has good principles.' Belford, indeed, becomes most edifying as the book progresses — not that this implies any sudden conversion — and is chosen in the end by Clarissa to act as her executor. Under his influence even Lovelace's camp followers, Mowbray and Tourville, reconsider their position and prepare for an old age of comparative decorum, after taking the precaution to make it tolerable by sinking what remained to them of fortune in annuities — a delightful incident showing the man of business was



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not altogether lost in the moralist. It is one of those curious touches of realism by which Richardson's books remain alive. Richardson was a mixture, more usual than is often thought, of the bourgeois and the artist. He always preferred to reconcile God and Mammon if he could. In his books everyone has plenty of money and lives very well; rank is duly recognized. Virtue, in spite of its command ng force, is none the worse for being suitably rewarded.

A nicer Pamela might not have been so grateful to a master for marriage who through a good many volumes had obviously and very nearly effectively sought her companionship on less exacting terms. But to the author the position presents no difficulty. Pamela was a good girl; she had brought off a good thing and there was an end of it; not merely lucky herself, she serves to show the way to others in like case. Such may be the rewards for virtue in housemaids. But from Pamela to Clarissa was a giant's stride. The artist soul had burst its bourgeois bonds; the writer of *Pamela* was quite capable of ending Miss Harlowe's story happily, to the Richardson of the later work such a blunder was impossible.

Every live author has his following, often devout in inverse ratio to their numerical strength. People have been found, apparently of sound judgment, who claim to like *John Inglesant*. Do or could people read Richardson nowadays? The modern writers of passion — drawn in general, it is said, from the ranks of decayed governesses — presumably supply a considerable demand, but then they do not worry much about virtue; their passions are given a freer hand. Still, no writer has more enthusiastic or devoted admirers than Mr. Henry James, and of his later works, as of Richardson's, it might be said:

> If you were to read him for the story your impatience would be so much fretted you would hang yourself. You must read him for his sentiment and consider the story as only giving occasion for the sentiment.

There is a curious resemblance between the two. One would like to know what that fastidious genius thought of his predecessor's work. The meticulous examination of Clarissa's motives in leaving home and her general conduct in the face of Lovelace's behavior are exactly in the Henry James manner. It may weary you or may not; many find Henry James's works difficult, but the appeal is direct to any student of human nature, and in the end with both you realize finality: like a great work of art, there is nothing more to be said.

In the three thousand pages of *Clarissa* there is only one *motif* — the attack on Clarissa by Lovelace. Every incident is subordinate to this, and yet you can hardly find a word which has not some direct bearing on the actual crisis. This taking one situation and showing how it affects a certain group of characters brought in touch with it is Henry James's considered method of literary expression. In both, in the scientific sense of the word, the subject is exhausted. The reader is left with the sense of completeness: a problem successfully solved.

One of James's longest novels was devoted to the simple issue of whether a particular lady kept the furniture and appointments of a particular house. *What Maisie Knew* is only a study from the inside of the *ménage à trois*. One wonders he did not employ the letter form more; it would have been exactly suited to that atmosphere of pervading subtlety in which his people move. In one respect the older writer has the advantage. Analytical as his books are, he is never obscure. Mr. James's style is apt to become a

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series of hints mainly about nothing. At times he seems to be trying to take mental snapshots in a twilight of ideas on plates he has omitted to change.

*Clarissa* is very long, probably the longest novel in the world. Written in a series of five hundred and thirty-seven letters, the tragedy fills eight volumes containing three thousand pages odd. The work was originally presented in seven volumes, but the indomitable author, feeling he had not done full justice to his subject, added another. Even that is followed by a conclusion of twenty-two pages and a further postscript of eighteen. The mere headings to the various chapters would make a tolerably long novel, and are composed with a stimulating ingenuity.

> An account of his ipecacuanha plot — Instructs Dorcas how to act — Surprise and terror — Monosyllables and trisyllables to what likened — Politeness lives not in a storm — Proclamation crisis — The lady now, he sees, loves him — Her generous tenderness for him — He has now credit for a new score — Defies Mrs. Townsend.

And again:

> The lady frightened out of her bed by dreadful cries of fire — She awes him into decency — On an extorted promise of forgiveness he leaves her — Repenting, he returns, but finds her door fastened — What a triumph has her sex obtained by her virtue! but how will she see him the next morning, as he has made her promise! — Exults in the puzzle he has given her.

No sensational novelist of the book stalls could be more provocative. An unscrupulous reader of the book 'for the story,' instead of hanging himself, might confine his attention to these arresting summaries.

The letter form is defended by the author as being more suited to 'instantaneous descriptions and reflections,' and also 'much more lively and affecting' in representing the style of those writing in the height of a present distress. All his novels were composed in this manner; it certainly adds directness and actuality. For a long narrative the method has the disadvantage of involving a great deal of repetition, as the same incidents are described by the different writers.

In a humorous work like *Humphrey Clinker* this may be an advantage; it gives the author an admirable opportunity for comic effect and development of character by showing how differently the same situation affects the different actors. But in a serious narrative the method becomes undoubtedly tedious. In the one case the humor is helped by the letters; in the other the story develops in spite of them, and develops very slowly. But in those Georgian days the people wanted long novels; there was no hurry. It was a time of long evenings in country houses when there was no bridge and even whist was longer.

Macaulay, one of Richardson's warmest admirers, admits you have to be 'infected by *Clarissa*.' Then, if the inoculation took all was well. 'If you have once throughly entered in *Clarissa* and are infected by it, you can't leave it.' He gives a specific instance:

> When I was in India I passed one hot season in the hills, and there were the Governor-General and the Secretary of Government and the Commander-in-Chief and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me, and as soon as they began to read the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book, the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears. . . .

The process of infection varies with different constitutions: some will always be immune. It must be confessed that the story, until Clarissa leaves home, seems rather hesitating. Sir Walter Scott was strongly of opinion

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that the earlier letters should be abridged. It is not until after the escape that Lovelace's letters to Belford become frequent. They undoubtedly relieve the monotony of Clarissa's. Richardson is very ingenious in avoiding the usual pitfall of writers who use the epistolary method. He manages, on the whole, to keep the letters short within the bounds of plausibility. Clarissa's may at times seem unduly long and numerous. An impatient reader may wish she would make up her mind quicker, but then Richardson is not for the impatient.

When the occasion demands it no one can be more terse than Richardson. When Lovelace triumphs his note of savage exultation is terrific: 'And now, Belford, I can no further. The affair is over. Clarissa lives and I am your humble servant, R. Lovelace.' That eccentric genius Haydon writes of this letter in his autobiography:

> Except by *Clarissa Harlowe* I was never moved by a work of genius as by *Othello*. I read seventeen hours a day at *Clarissa*, and held the book so long upleaning on my elbows in an armchair that I stopped the circulation and could not move. When Lovelace writes, 'Dear Beltor, it is all over and Clarissa lives,' I got up in a fury and wept like an infant and cursed and d——d Lovelace till exhausted. This is the triumph of genius over the imagination and heart of its readers.

A fine appreciation, if based on an incorrect quotation.

The character of Clarissa is probably the most amazing picture of a real woman in literature. How far her creator understood her is a fascinating problem. It is fairly clear that the Clarissa of her full development is not the heroine he originally intended to draw. She gets out of hand and insists on becoming human. Whether the artist was too much for the bourgeois, or Clarissa was too much for both, is a matter of doubt.

With all the great writers of creative fiction their characters are apt to assume an independent existence and insist on going their own way. Thackeray complains of this more than once. Balzac's characters, to use a vulgarism of the moment, go on anyhow on the least provocation.

The conventional view of Clarissa is that of the ideal woman, the sport of circumstances, the victim of an unscrupulous villain. This undoubtedly was Richardson's original conception. But from this cold perfection something much more interesting and much more vital evolves. The real tragedy of Clarissa's story is not her betrayal by Lovelace but her dual nature. With her strange sense of family duty and her rigid standard of personal conduct, she had another side. Her very austerity was protective. She was conscious of a smouldering temperament. Physically she is attracted by Lovelace, at first unconsciously, while his character and reputation repel her. She is young, slightly priggish, very emotional, with a tendency to hysteria: intellectually purity itself. Like so many of her kind, she relies unduly on her strength of character to extract herself from dangerous situations. The first step has no fears for her; she feels she can always draw back. She has a pride in putting her principles to the proof. And yet she confided in Miss Howe, in a moment of self-intuition, that 'preaching and practising required quite different talents, which when united in the same person made a saint.'

Was Clarissa a saint or was she a woman? About the answer there can be no doubt to a real student of her story. She was an instinctive saint betrayed by a temperament. Then comes the more interesting problem: Did Richardson realize this? My own view is, he paid the penalty of a real

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creation. Clarissa's temperament to him was like Frankenstein's monster; it got out of hand. At times, I fancy, Richardson's feelings must have been rather those of the mother when it sees the ducklings taking to the water. It will be remembered that Lovelace was introduced to the family as a suitor for Arabella. Arabella, described even by the kindly Clarissa as having 'a fat, high-fed face,' refuses Lovelace, who, much to her chagrin, takes no for an answer and transfers his attentions to the more attractive Clarissa. The brother Harlowe is a bitter enemy. Arabella joins forces with him, poisons the mind of the Harlowe family against Lovelace, and endeavors to force Clarissa into a marriage with the odious Mr. Solmes. How admirably Richardson presents Solmes to us: 'His pockets are continually crammed with keys — and if it be wine, he always fetches it himself.' What author in so few words ever better depicted a detestable personality? From that moment we are all against him. This plays into Lovelace's hands. Clarissa begins by allowing herself to be drawn into a secret correspondence. She persuades herself that it was in order to restrain his fiery nature from resenting 'the indignities he received and were daily offered him.' The duel between Lovelace and her brother makes the excuse plausible. Shrewd Anna Howe has a clearer vision and warns her.

> You are pleased to say — and upon your word too! — that your regards (a mighty quaint word for affection) are not so much engaged as some of your friends suppose to another person. How much, my dear? Shall I infer? Some of your friends suppose a great deal. You seem to own a little. . . .
>
> For a beginning Love is acted by a subtle spirit, and oftentimes discovers itself to a bystander when the person possessed (why should I not call it possessed?) knows not it has such a demon; and, further, you say what preferable favor you may have for him to any other person is owing more to the usage he has received and for your sake borne than to any personal consideration. This is generously said; it is in character. But oh, my friend, depend upon it: you are in danger.

She was, but her more dangerous enemy was not Lovelace, but herself. Anna Howe, for all Lovelace's boasts, would have been assailed in vain. Clarissa's assumed sense of virtue led her into risks the nature of which she had not anticipated. In the crisis she hesitates and hardly realizes why. She feels the sport of some impulse foreign, at any rate, to her experience, if not to her nature. The demon is at work. Her dual personality is at war with itself. Can she reconcile precept and practice? Is she the saint of that unique combination? She does not play with fire, but she risks it. She places herself in a false situation which she thinks she has force to meet. She provokes a siege the garrison could have sustained except for treachery from within. If this is the true Clarissa all the difficulties in the book disappear. It explains not merely her beginning, which is intelligible on other grounds, the clandestine correspondence but continuing it. Except upon this basis it is impossible to understand her meeting Lovelace at the gate. She believes she can confront him with security. When she meets him she has no intention of leaving, so she thinks. His device is a very shallow one, yet it turns the scale; and before she quite realizes what she is doing she has gone. How does Lovelace descibe it?

> Her emotions were more sweetly feminine after the first moments, for then the fire of her starry eyes began to sink into a less dazzling languor. She trembled: nor knew she how to support the agitations of a heart she had never found so ungovernable.

Then comes the reaction. She admits her rashness, and, as she says, 'What moves me more is that he has as great

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a confidence in my weakness as I had in my own strength.' This is the history of their lives. On the one side rashness, founded on principles admirable in themselves but in practice confused and crumbling. Her confident inexperience matched against the tactician of too many victories — the confidence of vicious experience. From that moment her fate is sealed: it is as inevitable as a Greek tragedy.

The incidents at Mrs. Sinclair's house have often been criticized as impossible. How, it is asked, was Lovelace able to keep in imprisonment a young lady of Clarissa's condition in the world? The answer is very simple. Clarissa chose her lodging herself. It never occurs to her that she is walking into a trap set by Lovelace. The arrangement suits her mood. For a time reconciliation with her family is hopeless. At the same time, she does not wish to commit herself finally to marry Lovelace by taking refuge with his family. She is at once attracted by the man and repelled by the libertine. In her distraction she is not unwilling to stay where she is, marking time until the return of Colonel Morden may place her in a position of independence and safety. Having placed herself in a false position, she still is confident in her defensive. It is not until the incident of the fire that she realizes, not merely her lover's intentions, but her own danger in a crisis. For the first time this weakness reveals itself. Off her guard, against her judgment and inclination she is betrayed into showing feeling for the man. Faced with his most outrageous advances she appeals to him as 'dear Lovelace,' a point the libertine does not fail to note. Then comes the aftermath. In horror at a danger greater than Lovelace dreamed of, she escapes to Hampstead. He gets her back into his power by the basest of stratagems; yet this device would have failed if Lovelace the man had been as repugnant to her as she thought. Even then somewhere in her mind an idea of reconciliation must have been lurking, or why did she play into this hands by consenting to put herself at last under the care of his pseudo-relations?

Unless this be the true reading of Clarissa's character, many of her letters are mere hysteria. Why such distress at a rupture with a family who treated her so ill? Why all this horror and remorse from a victim so innocent unless she felt there was something in her nature that, if not in any sense responsible for the tragedy, yet had helped to make it possible? It will be remembered Lovelace drugs her, but it is doubtful whether she becomes unconscious. In a terrible letter she writes: 'I remember I pleaded for mercy. I remember that I said I would be his — indeed I would be his — to obtain his mercy'— just as her earlier appeal had been to 'dear Lovelace.' It is this haunting suspicion that makes her write to her mother — a mother who, with all her faults, was an affectionate mother — so remarkable a letter.

> Wherefore, on my knees, my ever-honored mamma (for on my knees I write this letter), I do most humbly beg your blessing: say but in so many words (I ask you not, madam, to call me your daughter), 'Lost, unhappy wretch, I forgive you! and may God bless you!' That is all.

This is not the intelligible language of an immaculate saint; rather the morbid and overstrained expression of a self realized too late. She never forgives herself. It is the explanation of all her subsequent conduct. The humiliation makes any suggestion of marriage impossible. It is this that breaks her heart. She can forgive herself as little as Lovelace.

Richardson, who in almost every

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other relation of life was the embodiment of the complete bourgeois, could be the supreme artist on occasion. He saw the tragedy and saw it inevitable. Only a real artist could have resisted the pressure brought to bear. He complains:

> But how I have suffered by this from the cavils of some, from the prayers of others, from the entreaties of many more to make what is called a happy ending! Mr. Lyttelton, the late Mr. Thomson [the distinguished poet of *The Seasons*], Mr. Cibber, and Mr. Fielding have been among these.

It is interesting to note that Fielding, who ridiculed Pamela, respected Clarissa. *Joseph Andrews* may have had its effect on *Clarissa Harlowe*. But Richardson knew that a happy ending was impossible, and Clarissa dies. For a happy ending the whole story would have to be recast as a comedy. Lovelace, tired of his pursuit of Clarissa, should turn to Miss Howe for consolation. Anna, always bored with Hickman, should marry Lovelace. She would be quite equal to keeping him in order, and poetic justice would be satisfied with the disrating of the dashing Lothario to the henpecked husband. Hickman would console himself with Clarissa, to whom his serious nature and excellent principles would make a special appeal.

Richardson would have done it very well. It is a great mistake to think he had no humor. Miss Howe's letters are full of fun. Even when poor Clarissa is dying — and she takes a very long time about it, almost two volumes! — the gloom is relieved by the introduction of Mr. Brand. He is a clergyman worthy of Miss Austen; in fact, he has a strong family resemblance to the excellent Mr. Collins. All his letters are excellent and display a real sense of comedy. But in the story of Clarissa, written as it is, no compromise would be sincere. It was artistic sincerity that made his works so popular in France. Diderot would not even admit that he was tedious. He defends him from this charge by the true defense for all time of Realism.

> 'They are commonplace,' say you, 'this is what we see every day.' You are wrong; it is what happens every day before your eyes without your ever perceiving it. . . . It is upon this multitude of little things that illusion depends: it is very difficult to imagine them; it is harder still to reproduce them.

Whatever may be said against Richardson, he was the first and one of the greatest — some say the greatest — of realists. His knowledge of the female heart was founded on experience. As a young man he used to write the love letters for his female acquaintance, which was considerable.

> Young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others.

This may explain his women, and even the humor and charm of delightful Miss Howe. If only Clarissa could have taken her advice — married Lovelace and looked after the settlements! Her personality is one of the most attractive women in all fiction. The devotion of so human a girl to Clarissa was largely due to her perception of the real warmth of affection underlying her superficial austerity. All through she sees the danger. She is the only person in the book who understands the real Clarissa. Her warnings are in vain. Clarissa, though she fears her own nature, never realizes it till too late; it took another woman to do it.

Richardson's success with Lovelace

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is more remarkable. It was not an easy task. The conventional lady-killer of romance is apt to be a dull fellow; but with Lovelace one feels the attraction. With all his villainy, he is not wholly bad; he strikes one as rather the spoiled child of his *bonnes fortunes*. The career of frightfulness against the sex in consequence of an early disappointment smacks of melodrama, and some of his stratagems seem rather far-fetched — as, for instance, the plan for revenge on Miss Howe, in which a yacht, the Isle of Wight, and a widowed aunt are combined in rich confusion. Nor is it easy to believe that any human being, even with a turn for intrigue and a substantial grievance against a 'Quality jilt,' would devote the time and trouble Lovelace does to his amours, and, what is even more astonishing, find a company of boon companions never tired of assisting him. His final crime was no part of his original design; it is a gradual development, as inevitable to a man of Lovelace's temperament faced with the circumstances as Clarissa's fate to her. He drifts, if only too willingly, into villainy, as Clarissa drifts to disaster. The real moral that the author points is to show how far a man not wholly bad may be carried once he adventures on the slippery slope of passion. The effort to reconcile his action with some decent scheme of conduct makes Lovelace even worse than if he had been frankly moral. He resents Belford's lack of sympathy, and is always trying to win him back. 'I am *not* the savage which you and my worst enemies think me,' he protests. No rake was ever more firmly persuaded that he was a good fellow at bottom. His last phase is only provoked after discovering Miss Howe's scheme to rescue Clarissa with the assistance of Mrs. Townsend and the English Navy. There is a touch of pique in it. His remorse is genuine, as also his desire to make such amends as he can by marrying Clarissa. Indeed, marriage was always part of his scheme. The idea was ever present in his mind that he puts in one of his letters:

> But with all this dear creature's resentment against me, I cannot for my heart think but she will get all over and consent to enter the pale with me. . . . There is now but one man in the world whom she can have, and that is me.

Marriage is to put it all right. He writes:

> What force have evil habits on the human mind! When we enter on a devious course we think we shall have it in our power when we will to return to the right path. . . . How am I hurried away? Canst thou tell me by what? Oh, desire of youth and desire of intrigue, how do you mislead me! How often do we end in occasions for the deepest remorse what we begin in wantonness.
>
> Such considerations as these they are that support me against all apprehension of bugbear consequences.

Here the man is obviously sincere. This was the train of thought that made such a crime as his possible in a man of a naturally generous mind — that and the innate idea that all such questions of sex are merely an entertaining game in which the stakes could be limited and defined. Richardson's defense of him has this substance. He is immoral, but not amoral. His letters show him an admirable sophist: he makes the worse appear the better cause, and half persuades himself and is anxious to persuade himself. Originally he is quite prepared to marry Clarissa. The opposition of the family and Clarissa's horror of his reputation arouse his pride, Then he is an artist in dalliance; he prefers, as he says, the chase to the prize. When he tricks her into a quasi-elopement the practised libertine cannot shut his eyes to the

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possibilities of the situation. The very character of Clarissa makes the position one of engaging interest. His conscience is always satisfied with the reflection that he will marry her in the end. He even takes credit for his readiness to enter into an obligation so naturally distasteful to himself. His remorse is genuine, he is sincerely anxious to make such amends as he can; but with all his knowledge of women, he never understands Clarissa. The horror and remorse of such an innocent victim to him are unintelligible. To him she has always proved inaccessible. His vile triumph, he complains, was but partial, a mere physical success. To the end he never realizes that her agony of mind is due to the fact that there were moments when to one side of her nature the man in Lovelace made a direct appeal. Her tragedy was less emotional than he had ever imagined. Just as to a man of Lovelace's character the original innocence of Clarissa was unintelligible, so is her later development. He writes to Belford:

> What a happy man had I been with such an excellence could I have brought my mind to marry when I first prevailed upon her to leave her father's house! But then I have often reflected, how had I known that about blossoming beauty who would carry on a private correspondence and run such risks with a notorious wild fellow was not prompted by inclination?

He is astounded at her horror of what he calls 'a mere notional violation.' 'Why should her heart be broken?' he writes in indignant protest. 'She really makes too much of it, takes it too much to heart.' 'Dear over-nice soul,' he calls her. He cannot understand that it is because the inclination was there that she can never forgive herself or him. It is a perverse nightmare to the voluptuary who regards his own way as a matter of course. For long he refuses to admit the possibility of her death.

> It comes as a surprise and terrible shock. Ever since the fatal 7th of this month I have been lost to myself and all the joys of life. . . . When, oh! when shall I know a joyful hour?

is a cry from the heart of the sentimentalist faced with cruel fact. However he lived, it may be said in his favor he died like a gentleman. 'The luck is yours,' he cried to Colonel Morden on receiving the fatal pass. 'Let this expiate,' are his last words.

So ends the great book. A great book, not merely in a geometrical sense. It surely fulfills the test of the distinguished writer who has been mentioned already in connection with Richardson, Mr. Henry James:

> The success of a work of art to my mind may be measured by the degree to which it produces a certain illusion: that illusion makes it appear to us for the time that we have lived another life, that we have had a miraculous enlargement of experience.

A curious echo of Johnson's epitaph. For once 'a lapidary inscription' might have been on oath.



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# CUTHBERT, ALFONSO, AND ANATOLIA: BEING PART OF AN AIRMAN'S ADVENTURES

BY CAPTAIN ALAN BOTT

If, at midnight, you were comfortably asleep in a railway carriage, and some Turkish guards dragged you out of it and led you along a puddled track to a mud village in the most God-forsaken part of Anatolia, while the skies rained their damnedest on you and your one spare shirt, you might be annoyed. Possibly you would cry, 'To hell with the Turks!'

Such, at any rate, was H——'s comment, shouted at intervals every few seconds, while we watched the train move Constantinoplewards, leaving us at a small village called Alukeeshla.

Cuthbert and Alfonso (as we named the two soldiers who brought us from Bosanti) had told us we were going to Afion-Kara-Hissar. So we went to Alukeeshla. Being unable to read or write, they had failed to notice that the composite ticket given them for seven prisoners and two guards was valid only as far as this village. Their surprise was as great as ours when the conductor turned the whole party out of the train. Certainly, said he, while reading a paper produced by Cuthbert, we were bound for Afion-Kara-Hissar; but, according to these written instructions, there was to be an indefinite halt at Alukeeshla. It was typical of Turkish official methods — guards not knowing what must be done with the prisoners under their charge.

Cuthbert woke the sleepers, and began throwing luggage on to the platform. In his flurry he dropped a kit-bag on W——'s badly-wounded arm. The sight of W—— in pain, following upon our many discomforts and annoyances, sent H—— berserk. 'To hell with the Turks!' he yelled, then stepped one pace backward, swung a long leg, and shot his size eleven foot at Cuthbert. The kick lifted the greasy little guard from the floor, and sent him hurtling through the door of the compartment, outside of which he fell on all fours.

Far from showing resentment, he was obviously cowed. Having picked himself up he asked us, humbly enough, to leave the train. Not wishing to make a bad situation worse by inviting violence, we complied, while trying to soothe H—— who continued to consign all Turks to flaming perdition. Evidently Cuthbert and Alfonso thought they had to deal with a madman, and kept out of his way.

Nobody in Alukeeshla had heard of our existence, and no quarters, of course, had been allotted. The wretchedness of our midnight search in a mud village for somewhere to rest was so complete as to be humorous; and as we trudged through the rain and the darkness, and fell into the deep puddles that filled every hole in the narrow, badly-kept street, we laughed from sheer misery, so that the guards must have thought we were now all mad.

We disturbed the inmates of four hovels before finding the two-roomed building that served as gendarmerie headquarters. Clearly the policeman whom Cuthbert then roused from his sleep on the floor of the front room dis-



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liked us, and above all disliked going out into the night. After grumbling and protesting for five minutes, he lit a lantern, scowled his ugliest, and led the party through more puddles to a barn. With many a creak the door of it was unlocked by means of a rusty key.

Three sorry scarecrows rose up and blinked at the lantern, then sank down again resignedly. The atmosphere was indescribably musty and dusty. Revolting garbage of every species covered the earthen floor. The wooden walls were clotted with dirt. Something with wings could be heard flitting about, near the high roof. The three prostrate scarecrows were disgusting, not because of their rags and their filth, but because of their general suggestion of bestiality.

'The prison,' announced the gendarme grandiloquently, as he waved his hand and moved toward the door.

Now Cuthbert and Alfonso shared our indignation at the dumping of British officers into such a place, for it would be their duty to stay with the said officers. They protested volubly; but the gendarme shrugged his shoulders, and said not a word as he half-opened the door. Thereupon, H——, still far from calm, grabbed his shoulder, spun him backward, and began explaining the situation in lurid Australian.

An inspiration was given me by the sight of W——'s bald head. W——, although a second lieutenant, was a very old man — in the neighborhood of forty, I believe. He looked venerable enough to be a temperance lecturer, although as a matter of fact he was a first-rate fellow. Knowing the Turkish reverence for the higher military ranks, I pointed to the bald patch on his head and said, '*Kaimakam!*' (Colonel), then indicated the unpleasant surroundings, as if in protest against the indignity of putting a colonel in such a place.

The policeman, already in fear of H——'s violence, was obviously of opinion that a *kaimakam*, even an English one, should have better quarters. With a '*haidee git!*' to the guards, he led us back into the rain, and so to the gendarmerie. There he woke the police officer, and explained our presence. Fortunately, the officer was too drowsy to read our papers for proof of the presence of a *kaimakam*. Finally, at his orders, the gendarme took us to a room on the first floor of a two-story mud building. It was dirty and utterly bare; but there, at any rate, we had privacy. We laid out claims to floor space and fell asleep, while Alfonso remained on guard by the door.

That little room in a mud hut was the home for ten days of seven British officers and two Turkish guards. Side by side, and with bodies touching each other, there was just space enough for eight people to lie on the floor. Already, when we arrived, one could sense the presence of Cuthbert and Alfonso without seeing or hearing them; and with each washless day their natural odor became more and more intensive.

We had nothing to read, and — worst misfortune of all — somebody had left our pack of playing cards in the train. We wandered round the walls like beasts in a cage.

Nobody in the village knew or cared why we were there, or what was to happen to us. We could only surmise that this was the punishment for the plot to escape from Damascus.

Cuthbert took our papers into the village on the morning after arrival, but returned at midday, with no information and many shoulder shrugs. Although none of us knew Turkish, we understood enough to realize that if the matter of obtaining instructions

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were left to this stupid illiterate, we might stay in the village forever.

A council of war decided that I, as being the linguist, and W——, as being the most imposing of us, with his bald head, his bushy moustache, and his South African ribbons, should drag Cuthbert into the presence of whatever officials we could find, and make ourselves a pluperfect nuisance until we were sent away.

'Commandant!' I said, going toward the door, this word being common to most languages.

'*Yassak!*' (forbidden) said Cuthbert, barring the way.

'Commandant! Come!' I insisted, brushing him aside.

He was ready to yell for help, when Alfonso came forward as an unexpected ally, and persuaded Cuthbert that it would be better to let us try to clear up the situation. He led us to the station, where, with a French-speaking Armenian in tow as interpreter, we forced our way into the military commandant's office.

The commandant — a slight, dapper *bimbashi* — claimed to be desolated at our unfortunate position. But what could he do? he inquired. Only yesterday he had not heard of our existence, and then — clack! — we arrived without warning in this Anatolian village. Doubtless, if we waited a week or so, the authorities would send orders for a transfer to some prison camp. Meanwhile he would gladly help us in any way possible, except give us food or allow us to take walks or move us into a better house, or, in fact, do anything that I suggested. Twenty minutes of argument and bluster were necessary before W—— and I could even induce the soft-spoken hypocrite to telegraph to Bosanti for instructions about our disposal.

Next day, when I took Cuthbert to the station for news, no reply had come. Nor was there any message on the third morning. Ten o'clock of the morning became known as 'commandant time,' so that on the fourth day the guards took the visit as a matter of course, Cuthbert showing his watch by way of reminder. The *bimbashi*, worried by our importunities, took to dodging from his office when he saw us coming; but we always waited until he returned, and talked insistently until he promised to send yet another telegram. He showed surface politeness, and never uttered threats; which in any case would have been more or less futile, for the fighting force of the village comprised but one police lieutenant and four gendarmes.

We had arrived hungry, and we continued hungry. The law of supply and demand, as applied to eggs, together with the local brand of profiteer, was the cause. On the first morning a bearded peasant visited the hut with a basket of hard-boiled eggs, which he sold at the current rate of two and a half piastres each. Next day, when it became known in the village that the prisoners were buying eggs, the rate was four piastres each. Afterwards it leaped to five, and next to seven and a half piastres. Finally the supply of eggs all but gave out. It was then possible to buy only one apiece every morning; whereat we became more hungry than ever, for eggs were our mainstay.

The commandant had given reluctant permission for each prisoner to buy one small loaf of bread a day, at the military rate of two and a half piastres a loaf. For the rest, we managed to supplement the bread and eggs with an occasional supply of figs or raisins, bought in the village bazar as I returned from my importuning of the military commandant.

These fruits were shown in open baskets on crazy little stalls, side by

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side with stale bread, bad sausages and meat, nuts, cotton materials, primitive haberdashery, rock-salt, rank butter, dusty milk, and the thousand and one other articles that jostle each other in the village bazars of Anatolia. It being summer, myriads of flies buzzed around and settled on the dried fruits. The figs and raisins, therefore, could not be eaten unless washed carefully or boiled. Fortunately, we had a good cooking pot, given by the Tommies at Bosanti; and a ruffian who lived below sold us charcoal, at the rate of ten piastres for a quantity just sufficient to burn for half an hour.

At its best, the crowded room was so stuffy as to be oppressive. When charcoal fumes were added to the summer closeness the atmosphere became unbearable Another drawback that prevented much cooking was the scarcity of water. We were given just enough to drink; but any surplus, for washing or boiling purposes, had to be bought. Usually one bottle of water sufficed for the morning toilet of two of us. Cuthbert and Alfonso remained unworried by the shortage. They never washed.

Nerve-edging irritation will ever link itself to an enforced companionship from which there is no escape, however temporary; and when repulsive surroundings are the milieu such iritation is akin to madness. The reek, the vermin, the heat, the hunger, the confined space, the dirt, and the depression, combined to stab our sensibilities, so that by the third day we almost hated each other, individually and collectively.

We could obtain no brush, no soap, no broom. The little den grew dirtier and dirtier, the floor became more and more littered, the guards were smellier and smellier. Cramped and intensely ennuied, we paced in criss-cross fashion around the twelve square yards of floor space, getting in each other's way and brooding bitterly. Of outdoor exercise there was only the daily visit to the commandant; and but one other man was allowed to walk to the station with me each morning.

A word, a suggestion, or a nudge was enough to provoke loud disputes. Every now and then heated words only stopped short of blows, because all realized that the anger had been sired, not by bad feeling, but by disgusting circumstances, and that a fight would be utterly futile. Worst of all, as most prisoners in Turkey must have realized, was the galling subjection to men such as Cuthbert and Alfonso — semi-civilized, altogether unintelligent, and regulating their actions by the crudest of instincts and axioms.

Only one of us (old W——) remained reasonable; and he would have had the greatest cause for irritation. His wounded arm, which had not received proper treatment in the Turkish hospital at Nazareth, became badly inflamed as a result of the terrible conditions. Yet he never once complained, nor did he take part in the constant quarrels. Looking back, I can realize that his fine example was the sole redeeming feature of those miserable days in the mud village.

On one point only did we all agree. 'Wish some of the pretty boys who sport their tabs in Cairo could be here,' said H——; and there followed a chorus of hearty assent.

'How about "X——"?' he continued, mentioning the name of one of the rudest staff officers who ever sat in a swivel chair. The five aviators among us grinned at the thought of having him to ourselves in the tiny room, far away from the list of postings and from Regulations Governing the Promotion of Officers. This happy thought almost reconciled us to the discomfort.

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Always it rained. How it rained! The yard below our window was oozy with mud, so that the veiled women who were our neighbors lifted their robes high as they buried their thick ankles into the slush. Three of them, with an old man, a boy, and three infants, lived in a two-roomed hovel that faced our building. Other dwellers in their hut were a donkey, a dog, and several hens. Two of the women took ostentatious care to draw their *yashmaks* closer whenever a prisoner showed himself at the window; but the third, rather less unprepossessing than the others, was not so careful to protect her face from the gaze of infidels. Beyond the yard was a stretch of flat mud, dotted with squat ugly buildings.

It was an Australian — I forget which one — who discovered by accident an antidote for the state of unutterable boredom and depression which was overwhelming us. He had lived in the district which for a time was the hunting-ground of the Kelly gang, and he retold the vivid melodrama, as told to him by older people who had been spectators, of the bush-ranger brothers who wore armor and robbed so successfully, daringly, and incredibly. By the time we had listened, thrilled by wonder, to the tale of the Kellys' last great stand against a large force of police, with a burning house as background, what would have been another miserable evening had passed in tense interest.

Afterwards we made full use of this means to forgetfulness. Each afternoon and evening somebody delivered himself of *choses vues* or *choses entendues*. H—— told of his wanderings in Fiji, R—— of sheep-farming in Queensland, I was able to relate a few early war observations on the Swiss-German frontier in connection with German espionage. Old W—— possessed both the Queen's and King's South African decorations, and for many years after the war in which he gained them had served in the Cape Mounted Rifles. His yarns of diamond field days before Kimberley was made respectable by the De Beers monopoly, of Mafeking and the Vaal, of the Boer tribal treks and of early Rhodesia, would fill worthily many a page of *Blackwood's Magazine*, even as they filled many an empty hour in the hut at Alukeeshla.

When pre-1914 reminiscences ran dry, most phases of the war were described from personal experience. M—— and H—— had fought on Gallipoli as troopers; R—— had flown in the Sinai Desert campaign; W—— was at Ypres and Neuve Chapelle in 1915; I had flown over the Somme battles in the days before the Royal Flying Corps had been provided with machines designed for warfare, instead of for inherent stability coupled with inherent unsuitability for fighting Fokkers, Halberstadts, and Rolands on equal terms.

Even Alfonso contributed to the time-killing narratives. We were discussing the war's origin, and somebody mentioned Sarajevo. 'Ya, Sarajevo!' he said, pointing to his chest, then plunged into a whirlpool of unintelligible talk. He knew a few German words, but mostly he spoke in Turkish or in what was either Serbian or some Bosnian dialect. I failed to gather whether he said he was a native of Bosnia or had merely lived there. It was clear, however, that he had been at Sarajevo when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was murdered, and seen the deed. Alfonso's excited description, containing here and there a word I could understand, reminded me, incongruously enough, of Marinetti's Futurist 'verse,' which I had heard recited by the poet himself at a London night club in 1913. Said Alfonso:

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Kronprinz — jabber jabber jabber — Sarajevo —
Jabber jabber jabber — automobil —
Jabber* — Pouf! pouf! pouf! pouf! pouf! pouf! —
Kronprinz automobil halt boum! —
Jabber jabber jabber — Kronprinz aa-ee —
Damen aa-ee! aa-ee! — jabber jabber — aa-ee!
Jabber jabber jabber jabber jabber jabber.

We passed a vote of thanks to Alfonso, together with a cigarette and a fig.

The departure from the mud village was as absurd as the rest of our experiences in it. On my ninth visit to him the commandant announced with pride that he had arranged for us to leave by the evening train, and that the station master at Bosanti would leave an empty truck for us.

Twenty minutes before the train arrived we trudged through the rain to the station, carrying our parcels of disreputable kit. All three gates leading to the platform were guarded by sentries, who offered to bayonet any who tried to pass without papers stamped by the local gendarmerie. To each sentry in turn Cuthbert explained frantically who we were, and what the commandant had said, only to be met with an invariable '*Yassak!*' and a fingering of the rifle.

The *bimbashi* himself was absent, and so was the Armenian interpreter — the only other person, apparently, who knew our orders. Alfonso, dispatched to the commandant's house, returned with the news that he could not be found. We stood in the rain, puffing at damp cigarettes and cursing. H—— returned to his old refrain, 'To hell with the Turks!' — to the great wonder of the tatterdemalion men and boys gathered round us.

When the train steamed away from Alukeeshla, taking, no doubt, the empty truck reserved for us, we startled the guards and sentries with yells of uncontrollable laughter.

M—— and I opened next morning's visit to the *bimbashi* with bitter protests, but had to end it in helpless acquiescence before his suave lies. He had given strict orders that the sentries were to let us pass, he pretended, and they would be punished severely for their failure to do so. Meanwhile, he was charmed that we were to accept the hospitality of the village for one day longer. He himself would be present to see us off by the next train that same evening.

For once in a while the commandant kept his promise. He led us to the station himself. But this time no accommodation had been provided for us on the train. The trucks were full of Germans, the first and second-class carriages of Turkish officers, the third-class carriages of Turkish soldiers. As it would be difficult to crowd the Turkish officers, and impossible to dislodge any Germans, the only alternative was to clear out some of the Turkish privates.

The *bimbashi* selected a carriage, entered it, and ordered its occupants to descend to the platform. There were only nine of us, with the guards, while the soldiers numbered more than forty. Yet the *bimbashi* turned them all out. He hurled their packs through the open windows, and by candlelight drove them before him to the doorway. Some, who were reluctant to leave, he struck. It was astonishing to see the little man smacking and kicking burly brutes twice his size; though he knew well that they would never dare to hit back.

When the carriage was quite empty he took us inside and placed us in a corner. The Turkish rabble, swearing and grumbling, then returned with their packs and their rifles, and scowled at us as they packed themselves into

* Lifting his arm as if aiming with a revolver.

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the remaining seats. The whole matter could have been arranged, with a twentieth of the fuss, by merely moving nine Turks from one end of the carriage to the other.

'Good?' asked the commandant proudly, after we were seated.

'Magnificent!' I replied, while we tried hard not to let our self-control be blown over by gusts of laughter.

'Then *au revoir*, my friend.'

'Adieu, mister the commandant.'

He strutted down the platform; and we passed from Alukeeshla to whatever weird experiences might be waiting for us elsewhere.

. . . . . .

This chapter is but an amplification of an inscription signed by H—— and myself before we left our mud home. When passing toward Alukeeshla from the station, take the second turning to the right beyond the gendarmerie, then the first to the left, and pick out the fifth house in a row of buildings that stare at you from the bottom of a blind alley. Enter it and climb some rickety stairs to the back room on the first floor, overlooking a yard, and you may still find these words on one of the walls:

'In memory of some bad days and good yarns, spent and told in this dirty room of this verminous hut in this God-forsaken village. To hell with the Turks!'

Blackwood's Magazine

## SONG

BY ROBERT HILLIER

Over the hills and away,
Softly a voice in the morning
Out of a dew-clean sky
Charms the heart to the journey,
Out of the tree, the clouds,
An influence softly falling;
Yours is the voice, ah, yours are the
golden notes,
Pleasantly calling.

Faint yet clear in the ear
A voice in the house that holds us:
Stay, stay in Paradise,
Here are love and contentment.
Out of this roof, these walls,
An influence softly calling;
Yours is the voice, ah, yours are the
golden notes.
Pleasantly calling.

Land and Water



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## THE PROBLEMS OF ENGLISH FARMERS

In the condition and prospects of British agriculture the most disquieting and uncertain feature is the labor situation. It is sometimes urged that, if prices are allowed to rise, farmers will be willing and able to pay whatever wages can be reasonably demanded. But this process cannot continue indefinitely. It cannot be the true remedy. If the prices of the bare necessities of life rise with every advance in wages the agricultural laborer is no better off. His additional income is absorbed in the additional cost of living. He remains where he was. And, so far as workers are concerned, the rise in wages must be all round. It is incredible that agricultural laborers can receive a higher scale of wages, based on a rise in the price of food, unless the rest of the industrial community also receive pecuniary compensation for having to pay double the former price for necessities of life. The ever-expanding circle is completed in its most vicious form.

On the other hand, a substantial improvement on the pre-war position of agricultural laborers is imperatively needed. Long overdue, it must be real and not nominal. The standard of living must be raised, and a margin of income over necessary expenditure must somehow be provided. From 1901 onward agricultural wages had been gradually creeping up. The advance was continuous. But it was extremely slow and cautious, following at more or less lengthy intervals the correspondingly slight and gradual advances in agricultural prices. At the outbreak of war agricultural wages in some parts of England and Wales were disgracefully low. Laborers' wives achieved miracles of management, even if, as was the case, their whole income was not expressed in the weekly cash payments. Young men were with difficulty retained on the land. The most intelligent and enterprising were lost. Though the numbers employed had risen slightly in 1911, as compared with 1901, farms were generally undermanned. Laborers accepted these conditions without articulate complaint. But their silence was not contentment. It rather expressed their sense of powerlessness and the apathy which it breeds.

The outbreak of war found agriculture with the unenviable reputation of a sweated industry, its labor underpaid and insufficient. The years 1915 and 1916 were agriculturally prosperous. Costs of the materials of production had increased more slowly than prices of produce. Some advance in wages was undoubtedly conceded. But it was not proportionate to the increased profits of farming. Methods of enforcing the payment of higher wages began to be discussed; trade unions prepared to finance a movement among agricultural laborers; in the midst of a great war, when every pound of food was vital, the risk of a protracted disturbance of the industry could not be lightly faced. The change of feeling on the subject is illustrated by the reports of the Milner and Selborne Commissions in 1915 and 1916 respectively. The Milner Commission rejected the minimum wage, on the ground that the shortage of labor would place the remedy in the hands



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of the men, and enable them to make their own terms. Fifteen months later, the Selborne Commission recommended a minimum wage and wages boards. Still the government hesitated. In February, 1917, when the Prime Minister sketched to the House of Commons the agricultural policy of the Coalition, he stated that no wages boards would be set up during the war. In its original form the Corn Production Bill was, it is generally understood, drafted on those lines.

In its final shape, as it was introduced into the House of Commons, the bill contained provisions for the immediate establishment of wages boards. The reasons for this change of front may have been purely political. The government may have found that they could not secure the passage of so contentious a bill through the House of Commons without the support of the Labor party, and that wages boards were the price demanded for their acceptance of guaranteed prices for corn. Or the government may have been influenced by the recommendations of the Selborne Committee. Or it may have been impressed by the abnormal position in which agricultural labor was placed by the war and by the urgent need of increased food production. The ordinary laws of supply and demand were suspended, to the detriment of laborers in their relations to their employers. In the first place, many of the men were exempted from conscription as being indispensable on particular farms. If they asked for higher wages they knew that the result might be dismissal and the consequent liability for military service.

Again, the government was then making every effort to secure additional labor on the land, and every man or woman so introduced weakened the laborer's position in bargaining for an advance of wages. Old-age pensioners, village women, the women's land army, soldier companies, schoolboys from the public schools, National Service volunteers, interned aliens, German prisoners, were all, in one form or another, assisted by the state. All were also, from the point of view of the agricultural laborer, state-paid blacklegs who prevented him from profiting by the shortage of labor. When the government was thus pouring a mass of subsidized labor into the industry, it may well have felt bound, in fairness to the agricultural laborer, to set up the wages boards. No outsider can decide how far these or other considerations influenced the action of the government. It is enough to say that the wages boards were established during the war by the Corn Production Act, which came into operation in August, 1917.

Comparing rates of to-day with those of 1907 — the latest official figures — the actual wages paid to agricultural laborers have been more than doubled. The advance is not nominal only. It is real also. It gives an agricultural family of four a margin of at least six shillings a week after paying for the necessities of life. Four fifths of the rise has taken place in the short space of two years. It is not merely the magnitude of the advance which staggers the farmer. It is the rapidity with which it has come. Had it been more gradual, it would have been less paralyzing. As it is, it has caught him unprepared. He has had no time to adapt himself to new conditions or to test, by better organization and greater economy, the capacity of his branch of the industry to stand the strain. If higher wages meant more efficient labor, he would be more reconciled to the change. But the contrary is the universal experience. It is more than doubtful whether there can be any real increase in efficiency among

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the present generation of laborers. They are too set in their habits, and their pace is regulated by the pace of their horses. For the moment, and until he has had time to reorganize, the only resource of the farmer seems to be the dismissal of his staff during the dead winter months, and at all times the employment only of the most able-bodied men. The pressure will be most severely felt on arable farms, and, above all, in the dairying industry. It will require all the farmers' courage and resourcefulness if rural England is not to become one huge ranch. The best prospects seem to lie, as was suggested by Lord Ernle at Newcastle in January, 1919, in the direction of a system of profit-sharing, which will give laborers an interest in their work and enlist them on the side of producers. From this point of view the experiment which the Board is trying at Sunk Island deserves close attention.

It is not proposed to criticize the action of the Wages Board, still less to ventilate the special grievances of the District Wages Committee of the County of Kent. The Board has done its best in circumstances of exceptional difficulty, and it has had access to facts and figures which are not available to the general public. It has undoubtedly settled in their incipient stages a number of threatened labor disputes which might have convulsed the agricultural community and involved the whole industrial world. Nor must it be forgotten that the minimum wages, even at their present height, are not on a scale which attracts labor into the industry. There are, however, two points to which attention can be usefully drawn without anticipating the investigations of the Royal Commission.

The first is the essential difference between agriculture and manufacture in respect of employment. The tally or the check-weigher, the roof, the artificial light, and the clock are essential features in industrial employment. They do not exist in work on the farm. It is possible to measure to a nicety the output of labor in the factory. There is no possible standard or measure of work on the farm; the employer is dependent on the good will of the man. Other industries, working under cover, are independent of rain or frost. The farm has no roof; the work is at the mercy of the weather, and can only be done when conditions are favorable. The factory worker is able to work the same hours summer and winter, because he has the artificial light; labor on the farm is regulated by the sun. The factory worker is marked in and out by the clock. No farmer can be so ubiquitous as to know when every man on his holding begins or ends his work. Finally, the hours spent in the factory are hours of concentrated toil and intense strain, under nerve-exhausting conditions. There is no resemblance in this respect between the factory or the forge and the farm. The hours must, if advantage is to be taken of weather and of light, inevitably be at certain seasons longer, and they are far less exhausting, both physically and nervously.

A few weeks ago the writer was driving from Dorking to Guilford. The road ran along the upper slopes of a down, which fell gently away in a long stretch of grass and bush. Against the skyline stood an old shepherd, his two hands, folded on the top of his staff, supporting his chin. At his feet sat his black and white dog. Below him browsed his sheep. Thirty miles from London, the only sound which broke the stillness was the noise of the animals as they cropped the short grass. Compare the conditions under which this man was working with those of factory workers or furnace men,

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and the palpable absurdity of applying to the shepherd the hours of labor adopted in other industries is at once apparent. The fact was recognized by the International Labor Conference at Paris, and agriculture was specially excepted from its recommendations as to hours of labor. Yet in this country it is proposed to treat them on the same footing, and it is precisely on this point that farmers feel the action of the Wages Board and the Industrial Conference most acutely.

The second point is the existence of two competing organizations of agricultural laborers. It is necessary that the men, at this stage of their development, should be represented by their officials, and their organization in one union would probably make for peace. But the competition between two unions for membership makes, not for peace, but for constantly renewed war. Moderation and concession become impossible when it is the interest of the officials of one or other of the competitors to go one better than their rivals. The point has not received the attention it deserves. Rivalry of this kind, if it is allowed to continue, is pregnant with disaster to the industry.

The Daily Telegraph

## VILLAGE INDUSTRIES

So much has been said and so little has been done that the enthusiasm which was at first felt over the great cause of reconstruction has probably largely evaporated. There is, however, one field in which hope and enthusiasm may still find some scope, and that field may be called the restoration of rural industry. There is the more ground for hope here because not very much has yet been said about it, and also because the government has not yet meddled a great deal with it or introduced elaborate or panic legislation in connection therewith. The action of the government, in this direction at all events, has so far been of the mildest and most harmless nature, namely, the publication by the Ministry of Reconstruction of a poor little pamphlet of some thirteen pages in which the great subject of village industry, with all its great possibilities, is treated in the most cursory and inadequate manner. If reconstruction depended on pamphlets and committees' reports descending upon us in showers, all would be well. We shall here attempt to take a broad and comprehensive view of a most important subject, and indicate very briefly something of what already has been done by individual initiative. Village industries will be found to be an important factor in the organization of agriculture, in the 'Back to the land' movement, in increasing and extending the home market for manufactured goods, in finding employment for ex-service men, and women and girls formerly employed on munitions or the land, in reducing the extreme disparity between the crowded town and the sparsely populated country, and generally in fostering a closer *rapprochement* between manufacturing industry and agriculture to the considerable advantage of both.

Rural life hitherto has been not only weak socially, but also economically. Its rejuvenation and revival must be sought first and foremost by economic methods, that is, by the restoration and development of country arts, handicrafts, and industries. Although what are called social or recreational amenities must doubtless also play a part, they are in the nature of an ornamental fringe rather than basic and fundamental. If a larger proportion of our people are to live in the country, they must first of all find work there rather than pianos. It is likely enough that reorganized and improved agri-

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culture — more intensive, more scientific, more enterprising — will, after all, constitute the most powerful lever in rural revival; but since in any such improved and better organized agriculture village industries must take a prominent position, it still remains true that the restoration and growth of such industry is a vital element in rural reconstruction.

Village industries may be roughly classified as (*a*) those directly connected with agriculture, and (*b*) those more or less independent of agriculture. The former would include such pursuits as cheese and butter making, bacon curing, manufacture of jams and preserves, while the latter would include the manufacture of toys, metal wares, textiles, furniture and wood carvings, lace, and carpets. Another division is, on the one hand, industries which are carried on as a spare time occupation by agricultural workers, and, on the other hand, as a full time occupation by an entirely separate class of workers. There would, of course, be several intermediate grades between the two divisions: in other words, a certain industry could be carried on in a village as a full time occupation for some and as a part time occupation for others. In any case, the social and economic life of the village would be greatly stimulated, resulting in increased prosperity all round. In those countries, like Denmark, Switzerland, and Norway, for example, where these industries are well established, they furnish an appreciable addition to the income of the agricultural worker and his family. It is obvious that the agricultural worker has a great deal of spare time, especially in winter. This fact has been well realized in certain parts of Canada, where village industries have been organized to give employment in the long dark winter evenings. Developments in this direction could be closely associated with the renaissance of industrial art and handicraft. The movement to infuse more art into industry, and strengthen the connection between art and industry which took definite shape recently in the organization of an Industrial Arts Exhibition — under the auspices of the Royal Society of Arts and the Board of Trade — would find powerful support in the restoration of rural industry, for it is here that it would find its most congenial soil and environment. The two great revivals — artistic industry and rural industry — are very intimately bound up together.

After the excellent work, both educative and constructive, carried out by the Rural League, the National Federation of Women's Institutes (Agricultural Organization Society), and other organizations hereinafter referred to, there should not be much of either prejudice or ignorance remaining in regard to village industries. One or two objections may, however, be briefly dealt with, for they have been emphatically raised in the past, even if they have now partly or wholly lost their force. These rural industries have generally been confused with home or cottage industries carried on both in town and country, frequently in the suburbs of large towns where they have often partaken of the nature of sweated industries. Such industries, called petty trades by Kropotkin, and referred to in the Factory Inspectors' Reports as 'home work,' have been stigmatized as 'small scale' and liable to all the evils of sweating and lack of proper organization and state control. These evils will be entirely absent under the new order of things.

In this new order coöperation and organization will be predominant features, effectively preventing any possibility of sweating, and also removing

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the objection based on the supposition that these trades are necessarily and inherently 'petty,' economically unsound, and doomed to ultimate extinction in the march of so-called economic progress. Whatever may be the respective merits or demerits of small-scale as compared with large-scale production it is not necessary to enter here into this great question, for the simple reason that village industries of to-day can be organized on as large a scale as may be desired. This needs to be strongly emphasized, for it is the kernel of the whole business. The whole of the village industries in the country could be controlled, if need be, by one central authority; but probably it would be better to organize them by county, or district, or class, like the Buckinghamshire lace industry, or the Bedfordshire straw-plaiting. The toy-making industry or the small metal-ware industry could be grouped in their respective classes and controlled by one central body which would buy the raw material and sell the product. Indeed, large-scale industry of the towns, as we know it to-day, is not without examples of great conglomerations of individual units or branches.

Further, there seems no reason why village industry should necessarily be divorced from town industry; industries in the towns could associate or coöperate with similar industries in the villages in one and the same trade association. Apart from all this, the predominance of large-scale industry has been grossly exaggerated. Factory statistics show that the number of workers employed in small factories, employing fifty or less workers, exceeds the number employed in the much-vaunted large factories. Many of these small businesses are strong and vigorous, and have no intention of being swallowed up in 'economic progress.'

In addition to suitable organization, there is another powerful agent which should greatly facilitate the development of rural industries, and tend to nullify any possible objections, and that agent is electricity. A further objection, for instance, in addition to those already noted is the sentimental one that the English countryside will be 'desecrated' by the introduction of manufacturing industry in any shape or form. But it is not proposed to dump factories down indiscriminately on the countryside; our Village Industrial Hall or Palace of Industry need not be an ugly blot on the landscape, but should be a lofty, well-ventilated, well-lighted, and spotlessly clean structure, with trees, greensward, and flowers around it. If the villages can be supplied with electric light as well as power and traction from large central stations, one of the worst evils of country life — at least, to the townsmen — namely, its darkness in winter, would be removed. Village life would be brightened up in every sense of the word. Another possible field for the application of electricity in the rural revival is the electro-culture of plants and electrification of seeds; for if all the great possibilities indicated by the experiments so far carried out are ultimately realized, electro-culture should prove of the greatest benefit in that intensive farming which must be a prominent feature in rural organization, and constitute the basis of other important auxiliary industries.

The revival of village industries will, of course, depend largely on other cognate branches of reconstruction and social activity, such as education, housing, transport, and electrical plants. Scientific research will also be needed in many of the industries. In fact, Lord Selborne's Committee on Agricultural Policy has already recom-

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mended that grants should be made through the Agricultural Organization Societies in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or through the County Councils. Grants for experimental work have been made in the past to the British Flax and Hemp Growers' Society and to the British Tobacco Growers' Society, and similar grants could be made to other like bodies. Ultimately, rural industry will have to stand on its own legs, be economically self-supporting, able to face world-wide competition, and not be artificially bolstered up in any way. Much good work has already been done by voluntary organizations; and if a considerable measure of success has been achieved in the past in the face of inertia and neglect, there seems no limit to the possibilities when this great reform movement is powerfully backed up by better housing, better transport, and all the blessings of electricity, rural education, and scientific research, and public sympathy based on knowledge.

There is not space to describe here what already has been done, but reference should be made to the valuable work undertaken by such bodies as the Village Centres Council, the Peasant Arts Guild, the Rural League (whose energetic secretary is Mr. J. L. Breen, author of books on small holdings), the Home Arts and Industries Association, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, the Rural Organization Society, and more especially the Agricultural Organization Society with its affiliated Federation of Women's Institutes. Possibly these various associations could coöperate or combine in one great federation, or otherwise define their respective spheres, in order to avoid overlapping, duplication, or unnecessary dispersion of energy, so that the great work of rural industry restoration could go vigorously forward.

The Economist

## THE BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE

BY L. COPE CORNFORD

Officers and men of the British Mercantile Marine are giving an example to their countrymen, alike in their determination to secure their just dues justly, and in their resolve to maintain the sea industry by which the country lives. The struggle to rebuild England is based upon these two principles: the right of the men who do the work to a fair share in the profits of the work, and the necessity of maintaining British industry. No man has earned his share more hardly than the British seaman; none better understands that it is first of all necessary to serve the industry by which he lives. During the war the seamen fed the country and supplied the armies of the Allies. There is no case on record of a man refusing to sail because he feared danger, though there are several cases in which men failed to join their ship for other, usually convivial, reasons. Men who had been seven times torpedoed continued to sign on.

During the war pay and wages were increased; the men, for the first time, received reasonable wages; but the officers received no proportionate increase, and are still underpaid, and still lack a pension. It has never been suggested, so far as the present writer is aware, that the shipping industry cannot afford the additional expense involved. It may raise freights, but the proportion of the freight charge, under normal conditions, to the total cost of an article, is inconsiderable. So far, so good. The war has brought a tardy justice to British seamen. But it has done more. All the various branches of the great sea industry are joining together in the common interest. During the war there was con-

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stituted by the Ministry of Shipping the National Maritime Board, composed of four panels: the Navigating Officers' panel, the Engineer Officers' panel, the Sailors' and Firemen's panel, and the Cooks' and Stewards' panel; and representatives of the shipowners; thus representing the merchant service as a whole, and dealing with the government as a representative body. Colonel Leslie Wilson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Shipping Controller and Chairman of the National Maritime Board, in introducing the Estimates for the Ministry of Shipping, told the House of Commons that a conference had been held among shipowners, officers, and men, at which it was proposed to replace the National Maritime Board by a Joint Industrial Board, to be called the Seafarers' Joint Council, on the principle of the Whitley scheme. Colonel Wilson said that the government would gladly consent to the supersession of the National Maritime Board by the Seafarers' Joint Council. There the matter stands.

The Seafarers' Joint Council has been formed, and consists of: the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, which is the officers' guild; the Mercantile Marine Service Association; the Association of Coastwise Masters, Mates, and Engineers; the Marine Engineers' Association; the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, a powerful trade union; the United Kingdom Pilots' Association; the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union; the National Union of Ships' Stewards, Cooks, Butchers, and Bakers; and the Hull Seamen's and Firemen's Union. At present the Seafarers' Joint Council exists together with the National Maritime Board, and one of its objects is to maintain the decisions made by that Board. But apart from matters affecting the welfare of officers and men, the main purpose of the Seafarers' Joint Council is to form 'an Industrial Council of Seafarers on the lines of the Whitley Report.' It will be observed that so far the shipowners are not represented on the Council, and that so soon as they are represented, but not before, the Council will, in fact, become a Joint Industrial Council for the whole of the sea industry. The constitution of such a body is, in fact, absolutely essential to secure and to maintain the industry of the sea. Until the Joint Industrial Council is established the sea industry is divided against itself. The present writer would humbly suggest that the projected Council should include representatives of the Royal Navy, which is and must remain intimately associated with the civilian sea service.

In the meantime, the creation of the Seafarers' Joint Council has joined together officers and men as they were never joined before, and for the first time the merchant service is acting as one body. For instance, a certain firm of shipowners recently informed the officers of a certain ship that they would not receive the benefit of the overtime clause passed by the National Maritime Board. What happened? The Sailors' and Firemen's Union immediately declared that the ship would not get a crew. What happened then? The firm in question yielded at once. Again, another firm refused to grant passenger rates to the officers of a passenger ship, and the same thing happened, with the same result. Of course, these disputes ought never to have arisen; but until the shipowners make common cause with the seafarers, and the Joint Industrial Council is established, there will be such troubles. The principle, indeed, should eventually be extended to joint councils of shipowners, officers, and men in each

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shipping concern, as the Minister of Labor suggests.

The unity of officers and men in the merchant service is a recent development; but it is not a new thing in the navy; and the government (and the Treasury) would, perhaps, be surprised to learn that injustice to officers in respect of their pay and allowances is as deeply resented on the Lower Deck as injustice to the men.

Mr. Havelock Wilson remarked that it was of no use to demand better conditions so long as alien ships, working at less cost than British ships, were allowed to enter British ports. Here he indicated one of the effects of war most injurious to the British shipping industry; for under government control and owing to the exigencies of war, British freights were limited, while neutral freights were, of course, unlimited; British voyages were restricted and British markets were abandoned and lost, while the neutral trader sailed where he would, charged what he liked, and took over British trade. If, by increase of pay, the British shipowner increases the cost of his operations, he may be unable to oust the alien trader and regain the British carrying trade. Mr. Havelock Wilson seems to rely upon the influence of the League of Nations to fix a universal standard of wages and conditions, so that the traders of all nations, being all compelled to pay the same running expenses, cannot undersell one another. But it is very doubtful if the League of Nations can achieve this enterprise. In any case, the League would hardly interfere with the cutting of rates and with other forms of competition. In the meantime, the miners' leaders have done more in five months to ruin the carrying trade of this country than the German or the neutral accomplished in nearly five years.

Nevertheless, in response to the invitation of President Wilson, the International Labor Conference will be held at Washington in October, according to the terms of the Labor Section of the Treaty of Peace. Each state is to send four delegates, of whom two are to represent the government of that state, one the employers, and one the workpeople. Each delegate will have the right to vote independently. The Conference is empowered to draft conventions and treaties. Any convention or treaty adopted by a two-thirds majority must be laid before the respective Parliaments of the states represented, and the respective Parliaments are bound to ratify the instrument. This remarkable project, evidently of unusual importance, has been almost ignored by the public and the newspapers. It will be observed that the respective Parliaments of the states represented do, in fact, delegate their powers to their representatives at the Conference; who, without the consent of the Parliaments they represent, may commit the people of the various states to the wildest legislation. It is probable, however, that in the event profound mutual jealousies will neutralize action.

So far as the sea is concerned, the United States, for instance, is making a tremendous effort to increase and to establish her mercantile marine. That service is conducted by the United States Shipping Board, a government department, under Director Henry Howard. During the war Director Henry Howard (according to the Boston *Transcript*) determined that American ships shall be entirely manned by Americans. To this end, the Recruiting Service of the United States Shipping Board are advertising for 'experienced men to be trained as deck officers and engineers.' Free courses in navigation and engineering are

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offered by the Board in the schools established in the great ports. Men who have had two years' experience, 'ocean or coastwise, or equivalent in fisheries, or on lake, bay, or sound,' can obtain a third mate's license, 'or higher,' in six weeks. Men who have had any kind of engineering experience can gain a third assistant engineer's license, 'or higher,' in one month. There are now over three thousand official recruiting stations in the United States. British Merchant Service officers applying for employment in the American Marine are politely rejected. The Imperial Merchant Service Guild, in an article published in its *Gazette*, delicately suggests that a six weeks' course, even after two years' salt- or fresh-water experience, may possibly not serve to make a fine young American fit to take a watch at sea. 'We feel it a duty to suggest that where safety of life at sea is concerned it is a matter not for one but for all maritime nations.' But America is in a hurry, as usual. Before the war, according to the Boston *Transcript*, 'economic conditions were such that our merchant marine could not hold its own with the competition of the merchant services of other countries.' That is now to be altered.

Before the war the nation most formidably competing with this country was Germany. The German Government subsidized shipping companies, so that British private firms were competing with the financial resources of the whole German Empire. Germany, having lost nearly the whole of her mercantile marine in the war, after the perpetration of the most abominable infamies, is now impudently proposing to start again. The Finance Minister, the ineffable Erzberger, addressing the Weimar Assembly on August 12, announced that 'we must immediately with all speed create a mercantile fleet, and then help Germans abroad with state advances.' It will occur, to British seamen at least, that if Germany can afford to build a mercantile marine and send money to Germans outside Germany, she can afford to pay some of the war costs of this country. Is Germany to be represented at the International Labor Conference to be held at Washington in October? Presumably she is. And is Germany to be represented upon the section of the Conference dealing with the sea? She will undoubtedly claim such representation, but it is far from certain that the British seafaring delegates will consent to meet the German pirates. For, peace or no peace, the Germans are pirates; nor have they as yet expiated their crimes.

The National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, of which Mr. Havelock Wilson is the head, have decreed the ostracism of the Germans on the sea, and if they choose to enforce their will, no government can prevent them from so doing. International diplomacy may arrange the most elaborate treaties, but the fact remains that there is a blood-feud at sea between Germany and British seamen, together with the seamen of other maritime nations. The sea has its own code of laws, traditions, and customs, written and unwritten, and the penalty for their violation is ostracism. Some perception of the situation seems to have glimmered upon Dr. Helfferich, who, according to the statements contained in his book, supported the Imperial Chancellor in opposing the demand for unrestricted submarine war. Dr. Helfferich records that he told the main committee of the Reichstag, 'If the card of the unrestricted submarine war is played, and it does not win, then we are lost; lost for centuries to come.' But the main committee of the Reichstag, a bloodthirsty lot, approved of the demands of the Admiralty Staff,

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and the Imperial Chancellor and his adviser, Dr. Helfferich, were constrained to acquiesce.

Fourteen thousand six hundred and sixty-one officers and men of the British Mercantile Marine lost their lives in the war, and 30,000 were wounded or disabled. There were, in addition, hundreds of passengers, men, women, and children, murdered by the Boches at sea. Enemy submarines sank in gross tonnage 15,053,786 of the world's shipping, belligerent and neutral alike. Of that amount, this country lost 9,031,828 gross tons, or more than half the total loss. Deducting enemy captures, purchases, and new construction, the net loss of the world's tonnage, excluding British, on October 31 last was 1,811,584; but the British net loss was 3,443,012. The cargoes carried in the ships sunk, amounting to many millions of tons of commodities and foodstuffs, are a dead loss. Germany, however, does not propose to suffer for that monstrous and wicked destruction. She clamors to be fed and supplied by the Allies, and the British Government began to send foodstuffs into Germany soon after the armistice was concluded, when our own people were being insufficiently supplied. The process is continuing; and German traders are being licensed to enter this country. We may expect to hear at any moment that British capital is being lent to Germany to build German ships.

The Board of Trade scheme of pensions and allowances to widows and orphans of masters and officers is still far from adequate.* The merchant service estimates that there are some 300 more deaths due, directly or indirectly, to enemy action than the 14,661 cases officially recorded. The most of these losses leave widows and children destitute. A deputation from the Seafarers' Joint Council asked the Prime Minister, during the deliberations of the Peace Conference, to exact from the enemy a sum which would provide for the subsistence of the families and dependents of the dead sailors. Mr. Lloyd George definitely promised that Germany should be compelled to pay the full amount. 'The Germans must pay for this,' said the Prime Minister, 'and he must pay this as the first claim; this must come before mere [*sic*] indemnity for war expenses. There are a good many questions as to what his capacity is for paying huge war indemnities, but there is no doubt he can pay, at any rate, compensation for the losses of this kind which he has brought about. This compensation must come first.'

Has Germany paid a single penny? What governments are apt to forget is that while payment is delayed poor people are starving. They have no private income. They depend upon money coming in on Saturday night. And in addition to the families and dependents of the men who have lost their lives, there are some 30,000 officers and men disabled by wounds or sickness. Very many of these cases receive either a small grant, which does not enable them to live, or, owing to circumstances, they are not eligible for a grant. The Imperial Merchant Service Guild has founded and administers the Captain Fryatt Memorial Fund, for which £50,000 are required, for the purpose of relieving these cases of distress. America, with an admirable generosity, is raising a fund of £10,000,000 sterling for the same object, as a tribute to the valor

* Compensation is based *on the rates of pay obtaining six months before the war*, when the rates were less than half what they are now, and the cost of living about half what it is now. The average pensions of widows of captains of the Merchant Service who lost their lives owing to enemy action are £107 per year, exclusive of allowances for children, approximately £24 per year for each child. Chief officers' widows, £68 per year, exclusive of allowances for children.

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of the British Mercantile Marine during the war. Mr. W. H. Appleton, who is organizing the collection of the fund, stated that it was proposed to secure an income of £2 a week per man, for which a capital fund of £60,000,000 is required. Toward that sum America intends to contribute one sixth.

It is far from fitting that the merchant service should thus depend upon private beneficence. Officers and men, who were in fact in the first fighting line, should either be treated on the same basis as the naval seaman and the soldier; or if, as the Prime Minister promised, full reparation and compensation are to be exacted from the enemy, the British Government should advance the full amount at once.

The present writer, before the war, when the country generally ignored the mercantile marine, conceived the fantastic idea of the creation of an Imperial Transport Service, a national sea service working in association with the Royal Navy. During the war, when the two services worked and fought together, there seemed a prospect that the notion might be made practicable. Eighty thousand merchant service officers and men were employed in the navy. The merchant service also contributed to the Navy 20,000 Royal Naval Reserve ratings, and 36,000 Trawler Reserve men; 20,000 mercantile seamen and firemen were working on Government Transport agreements. All shipping was controlled by the government. Here, in fact, was the Imperial Transport Service in being.

Alas! the intromission of the state into the shipping industry, justifiable or not, was resented by the whole of that industry. Shipowners and seafarers alike reject official control. Alike they demand the management of their affairs, and no doubt but they are right. The experiment of state control was fairly tried; the government had every chance, and the government failed. It seems that there is something fatal inherent in the nature of state control. The wise man will deal with things as they are. The idea of state control should be dissociated from the idea of state countenance, support, and help. They are two quite separate things. It is the duty of the government to do all that the state can do to encourage the sea service and to insure its welfare and prosperity. That industry is sticking by the country in peace, as it held by the country in war. Of what other industry can we say the same?

The National Review

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# TALK OF EUROPE

Admiral Sir Percy Scott has recently given away some of the secrets of the defense of London from air raids. He writes: 'I received a letter from Mr. Balfour asking me to undertake the gunnery defense of London.

'I accepted. After fourteen months of war the so-called defense consisted of eight three-inch high-angle guns; four six-pounders, with gun-sights; and six pompoms, which would not fire up as high as a Zeppelin, and were consequently a danger only to the population.

'The ammunition supplied to the guns was of the worst possible description, and was more dangerous to the population than to the Zeppelins.

'In selecting the ammunition to fire at Zeppelins the authorities should have known: First, that a shell with a large bursting charge of a highly explosive nature was required so that it would damage a Zeppelin if it exploded near; second, that all that went up in the air had to come down again, and that, in order to minimize the danger to the public from falling pieces, they should have used an explosive in the shell which would break it up into small fragments.

'The ammunition supplied was exactly the opposite to what we wanted. The shells had so small a bursting charge that they could do no harm to a Zeppelin, and they returned to earth almost as intact as when they were put into the guns.

'General Gallieni, who was in charge of the defense of Paris, had to defend his 490 square miles of city: he had 215 guns and was gradually increasing this number to 300. He had plenty of men trained in night flying, and lighted-up aerodromes. I had eight guns to defend our 700 square miles of the metropolitan area, no trained airmen, and no lighted-up aerodromes, and this notwithstanding the fact that a Cabinet Minister had told the country that when the Zeppelins came over they would be attacked by our hornets (aeroplanes).

'This was the state of affairs when the Admiralty handed the colossal blunder over to me. To cheer me up, they informed me that they could not give me any more guns; that, although they had been experimenting for ten years, they had no time-fuse suitable for exploding high-explosive shell; that the only guns they had mounted on mobile mountings were Maxims, which were of no use against Zeppelins; that they had not ordered any guns for the defense of London; that they had no air-men who could fly at night, and if they had they would be of no use, as there was no ammunition suitable for attacking a Zeppelin. Practically, although the Admiralty had seriously undertaken to defend London, they had done nothing in fourteen months — or, at any rate, nothing in the right direction.

'As regards the gunnery defense of London, the most criminal part of the Admiralty negligence was in the ammunition.

'Nothing having been done, it was very easy to do something, and as Captain Stansfield, the head of the Anti-Air Department, was an efficient officer, and had under him a capable staff, we quickly got to business. Our only difficulty was to get clear of the Admiralty red-tapeism.

'The first thing was to find a satisfactory fuse. The Admiralty said that they had been trying for ten years to get one and had not succeeded. One of my staff, Commander Rawlinson, solved the problem in ten minutes.

'The next thing was to get a design of a high explosive shell which could be quickly manufactured. This was arrived at, but how were we to fit the shell made?'

Once more red-tape had to be circumvented, and Admiral Scott solved the problem only by ignoring the Admiralty altogether and placing his orders direct in France with motor-car manufacturers.

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The little boy who thought his father had gone to heaven because he had gone to



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Skye is to be matched by an aged cottage-body with whom an English writer was lodging in a remote Midland village. One morning she asked him if it was far to Russia. He said some of it was much farther away than other parts, but why did she want to know? She said that they had sent her son — a fisherman who had joined the navy — there, and that she would never see him again, and fell a-sobbing. Her lodger did his best to comfort her, assuring her that people came back from Russia as from other foreign parts. 'Not from where they 've sent him,' she said. 'I shall never see him again, not on earth.' 'But why?' 'They 've sent him,' said she, 'to the Archangels.'

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To the many distinguished victims of influenza must be added General Botha, whose recent death deprived South Africa, and the British Empire at large, of one who was born to be a leader both in peace and in war. Few men have used their power more unselfishly or with greater devotion and foresight, and in a career full of incident there is nothing which he could wish forgotten. Born under the British flag, he gained his first military experience fighting with Dinizulu against his Zulu rivals, took part in the establishment of the New Republic which was afterwards amalgamated with the South African Republic, and entered upon his political career as a member of the Volksraad at Pretoria. When the Boer War threatened he was already a man of considerable influence, and he used all his efforts to further a peaceful solution — which might have been reached had it not been for German machinations. When the struggle with England came he earned respect by his clean fighting and great military skill and his presence at the Vereeniging conference proved invaluable in founding a true peace. His whole-hearted action in the cause of the Empire during the great war is still fresh in all minds — his warning to the unruly Dutch, who were incited by German agitators, his suppression of the rebellion when it broke out, his wonderfully successful campaign in German Southwest Africa, and his unceasing influence for wisdom and mutual tolerance in South African politics.

## THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

**Frank Dilnot,** author and journalist, has long specialized in interpreting American affairs to British readers. An article on Lord Grey by this same author appeared in THE LIVING AGE for September 27.

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**M. Franklin-Bouillon** is a French politician of note. He has been a member of the ministry.

**George Santayana,** poet, critic, philosopher, is now residing in England.

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**Boyd Cable** is the author of the recently published *Air Men o' War.*

* * *

**Captain Alan Bott** is better known under his *nom de plume* 'Contact.'

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## NIGHT IN THE WOODS

*(From Pierre Louys's 'Les Chansons de Bilitis'*

Translated by F. W. STELLA BROWNE

'The black depth of the night flows
through mine eyes.'
The serried trees close on thy beating
heart,
And in the forest thou wilt lose thy
way.

'The rush of falling waters in mine ears
Laughs loud in exultation.'
Though he stood
Three ells away, thou couldst not hear
his voice.

'The white syringa and the moon
flowers
Will make me swoon with perfume —'
Faint and fall,
And never find him, should he pass
this way.

'Ah, he is far from here, the mountain
lies
Black under all the stars, between us
twain:
And yet I see his face, and hear him
speak,
And feel him touch me in the night,
alone.'

The Nation

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## ON THE RIVER

*From the Chinese*

I have hidden my little boat among the
river grasses;
It is dusk and the stars are out.
My boat rocks quietly on the gray
waters
That the rising moon spangles with
silver.

The wild duck seeks her nest and the
trout leaps no more.
I am alone with the night about me,
Sorrow in my heart. The cool wind
Touches my temples with phantom
kisses.

O Sister Moon, you do not bring com-
fort to me, waiting;
Now I think only of lost loves,
And old memories and old regrets
Troop like sad ghosts before me, peer-
ing into my eyes.

The Nation

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## DARKNESS

BY RICHARD CHURCH

Now the last bird has ended, and the
bats
Flitter and twitch about the hazel
bushes,
Where the young green grows deeper
as light fades.
Now ends the blackbird's song; a little
grumble,
And silence gathers round him. From
the hills
Sleep comes, and westward droops and
sleeps the sky.

Ah! very dim your face has grown —
the rose
Is lost in ivory, the warmth in moon-
color;
And those eyes, that lately gleamed
with fire,
Are sinking in the night, receding,
luring —
But never to be taken, made to yield
Their secrets up with light, as the
morning flowers
Shine from an eastern shore up to the
sun
Who comes, sea-risen, eager for their
love.

Oh, tantalizing love, thus to surround—
Even at the very crest and consum-
mation —
The final joy with darkness — nay, to
draw
Most cunningly, with subtle dexterous
fingers,
Film after film of light away — first
light —
Twilight — gloom — then fantasy — and
last,
Where love should be aflame — mad-
dening darkness!

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